

JULY 13, 1987

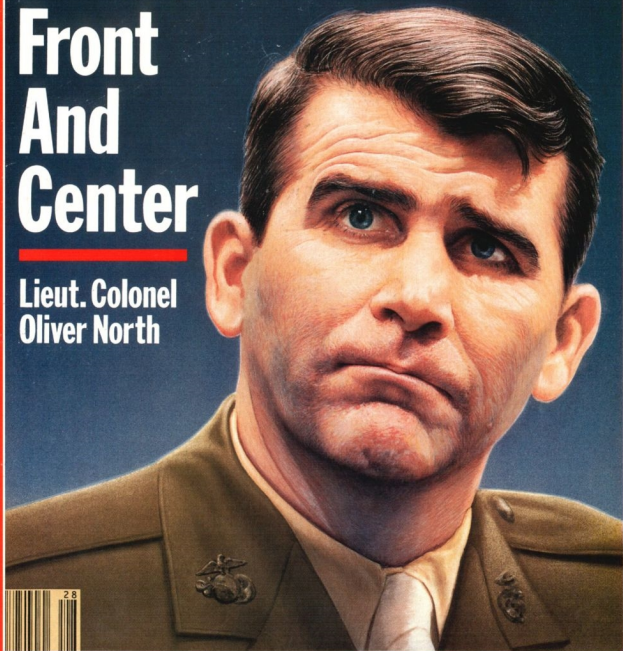
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TIME

The Battle
Over
Bork

Front And Center

Lieut. Colonel
Oliver North



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News that could help save your life is making news.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1985

Aspirin Called Aid Against 2d Heart Attack

By PHILIP M. BOFFEY
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10—Federal health officials said today that aspirin could help prevent a second heart attack in patients who have had a first heart attack.

would indicate that
day, about 20

Aspirin a day may prevent heart attacks by 50%

There were irregularities in the data, but overall results indicated that an aspirin a day taken by patients who had a previous heart attack or of chance of another heart attack or of dying during the study period by about one-fifth. Whereas 12 to 22 percent of the heart patients not taking aspirin either had a second heart attack or died during the study period.

the heart, causing a heart attack. The new device whose approval is announced today is an "implantable cardiac defibrillator" developed by Intec Systems Inc., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and manufactured by Cardiac Pacemakers Inc., of St. Paul, Minn. About the size of a card, it is implanted in patients with a history of heart attacks.

Aspirin's Role in Blood Clotting
The aspirin is thought to achieve its effect by inhibiting the action of cells in the blood that play a role in blood clotting.

Aspirin prevent heart attacks?

though the studies, some of which ran up to four years, were not consistent in every respect, they indicated that patients who had a heart attack and took aspirin had a 50 percent reduction in the risk of a second heart attack or death.

the blood that play a role in blood clotting, thus reducing the danger that it will form and block the flow of blood through the heart, causing a heart attack. The new device whose approval is announced today is an "implantable cardiac defibrillator" developed by Intec Systems Inc., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and manufactured by Cardiac Pacemakers Inc., of St. Paul, Minn. About the size of a card, it is implanted in patients with a history of heart attacks.

An aspirin a day keeps hearts ok

The heart, causing a heart attack. The new device whose approval is announced today is an "implantable cardiac defibrillator" developed by Intec Systems Inc., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and manufactured by Cardiac Pacemakers Inc., of St. Paul, Minn. About the size of a card, it is implanted in patients with a history of heart attacks.

gantly as well as, say, painting the piano-layman and Guinness to drink. Sacks, a

Aspirin May Reduce Heart Attack Chance

Dr. Frank E. Young, the director of Food and Drugs, advised patients to consult their doctors before adding aspirin to their regimen. He said that aspirin could help prevent a second heart attack in patients who have had a first heart attack.

Aspirin had an even greater effect on patients suffering from "unstable angina," or chest pains that had worsened in the past month, according to one of the three-month studies conducted by the Veterans Administration, the health officials said. In those patients, it cut the risk of a heart attack or death by 50 percent.

See Your Doctor.

If you've had a heart attack or suffer from the occasional pain of unstable angina, talk to your doctor. He or she can tell you about new ways to prevent a heart attack.

Studies Show.

Recently approved studies show that therapy which includes an aspirin a day reduces heart attacks as much as 50% for some people. Aspirin, combined with exercise and the right foods, could save as many as 50,000 lives a year.

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Proposal

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COVER: Oliver North prepares for a star 22 turn at the Iran-contra hearings

How he became the "world's most powerful lieutenant colonel" and a central figure in covert operations that in turn were a keystone of the Reagan Doctrine. ▶ On his route from all-American boy to reckless zealot, he always seemed to be the hero of his own movie. ▶ A look at Ollie's army and his oddly assorted collection of private operators. See NATION.



NATION: Robert Bork's nomination to the 10 Supreme Court ignites a fierce struggle

By selecting a leading conservative jurist, the President hopes to shape the legal balance into the next century. ▶ Bork's personal style and temperament are seemingly at odds with his strict constructionist philosophy. ▶ The seven Democratic presidential contenders fire mostly blanks in a *Firing Line* debate. ▶ A Texas boxcar turns into a grisly coffin.



SHOW BUSINESS: Whitney Houston 58 reigns at the top of the pop-music charts

Bright, black and beyond gorgeous, this 23-year-old singer hit it huge last year with the top-selling debut album in music history. Now she has topped herself: her new album is the first by a female singer to go to No. 1 in its first week on the charts. On July 4 she began a three-month concert tour that is already a hot summer ticket. And you know what? She sings beautifully too.



34 World

South Korea's ruling party chairman, Roh Tae Woo, makes history by supporting the call for direct popular elections. ▶ In the Middle East, Soviet diplomatic power is again on the rise. ▶ Moscow elevates a propagandist to the Politburo. ▶ A French court finds Klaus Barbie guilty and sentences him to life in prison.

46 Economy & Business

The U.S. robotics industry is barely limping along. ▶ Labor is irked by falling wages. ▶ The Soviets steal the Paris Air Show.

56 Medicine

A brave new world of brain implants to treat neurological disorders may be on the horizon. ▶ Can mosquitoes carry the AIDS virus?

52 Press

Those racy British tabloids love rowdy stories about the royals. Now they have a new topic of gossip: Di's marital fidelity (gasp!).

65 Art

A traveling exhibit of her sweet, rambunctious canvases marks Elizabeth Murray, 46, as one of the best painters of her generation.

55 Religion

Oral Roberts, fresh from a run of other controversies, claims to have raised the dead. ▶ The Pope and Billy Graham agree to meet.

72 Sport

It may be the players or even the ball, but something is up: in the major leagues, home runs have increased 22.7% this season.

4 Letters 57 Health & Fitness 64 Video 66 Milestones 68 Cinema 71 People

Cover:
Illustration by
Gottfried Helnwein

**"Testing cars
is a good idea.
Disconnecting
odometers
is a lousy idea.
That's a mistake
we won't make
again at Chrysler.
Period."**

Lee Iacocca

LET ME SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

1. For years, spot checking and road testing new cars and trucks that come off the assembly line with the odometers disengaged was standard industry practice. In our case, the average test mileage was 40 miles.
2. Even though the practice wasn't illegal, some companies began connecting their odometers. We didn't. In retrospect, that was dumb. Since October 1986, however, the odometer of every car and truck we've built has been connected, including those in the test program.
3. A few cars—and I mean a few—were damaged in testing badly enough that they should not have been fixed and sold as new. That was a mistake in an otherwise valid quality assurance program. And now we have to make it right.

WHAT WE'RE DOING TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

1. In all instances where our records show a vehicle was damaged in the test program and repaired and sold, *we will offer to replace that vehicle* with a brand new 1987 Chrysler Corporation model of comparable value. No ifs ands or buts.
2. We are sending letters to everyone our records show bought a vehicle that was in the test program and offering a free inspection. If anything is wrong because of a product deficiency, we will make it right.
3. Along with the free inspection, we are extending their present 5-year or 50,000-mile protection plan on engine and powertrain to 7 years or 70,000 miles.
4. And to put their minds completely at ease, we are extending the 7-year or 70,000-mile protection to *all major systems*: brakes, suspension, air conditioning, electrical and steering.

The quality testing program is a good program. But there were mistakes and we were too slow in stopping them. Now they're stopped. Done. Finished. Over.

Personally, I'm proud of our products. Proud of the quality improvements we've made. So we're going to keep right on testing. Because without it we couldn't have given America 5-year 50,000-mile protection five years ahead of everyone else. Or maintained our warranty leadership with 7-year 70,000-mile protection. I'm proud, too, of our leadership in safety-related recalls.

But I'm not proud of this episode. Not at all.

As Harry Truman once said, "The buck stops here." It just stopped. Period.



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STEVE STONE
CHICAGO CUB
ANNOUNCER
WGN-TV



A Letter from the Publisher

A strand of pearls clings to her red TIME T shirt and beads of perspiration moisten her brow, but the figure crouched behind home plate is meticulous and imperturbable. Even on the diamond as catcher for TIME's softball team, Chief of Research Betty Satterwhite Sutter exudes the calm presence that she carries through hectic workdays. "I've been playing softball since I was eleven," says Satterwhite, who once won the team's most-improved-player award. "It helps me feel young. Besides, the camaraderie on our team, with people you work and play with, carries over into the office and helps me get through the rough times."

Like her catching duties, Satterwhite's schedule requires her to monitor all the bases, dashing from one editorial meeting to another in the course of assigning 69 reporter-researchers to stories and projects each week. Their job: to gather documentation for virtually every fact that appears in the magazine and to provide reporting and background material for the writers. Through her staff of reporter-researchers, Satterwhite, who became the magazine's eighth research chief in 1984, is the ultimate steward of TIME's accuracy. She is outspokenly proud of her staff's contribution to the magazine. "There is no question," she says, "that research provides a richer lode for our writers to



Taking a rare break: Satterwhite outside the office

mine and enhance their stories. Fortunately, our reporter-researchers have a voracious appetite for news, are sticklers for detail and love books and libraries, which is where they spend a lot of their time." She adds, "We pride ourselves on our pursuit of accuracy, down to the smallest detail, and our aim is to help make TIME more readable."

Brought up in Texas, Satterwhite came to the magazine staff in 1976 after ten years at Time Inc.'s editorial library and a year in Paris doing research for a book. By November of that year, she had become

the head researcher in the Nation section, where for eight years she was immersed in the news and in managerial challenges as well, adapting the section's routine to events each week. Nowadays, when she is not gently cajoling or encouraging her staff, Satterwhite spends her free moments working on the economic theories and equations she is studying for her M.B.A. at New York University. But however full her days, she approaches each week with characteristic civility. And she always manages to set aside a few hours each summer Tuesday for softball.

Robert L. Miller

GOOD NEWS for VACATION TIME



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Letters

Rockabye Baby

To the Editors:

No one disputes that loving, attentive parental care is a good, time-tested way to rear a child (LIVING, June 22). Among all the subsidies that were recommended by experts to solve the day-care dilemma, a tax break for couples who forgo the two-income advantage in favor of one parent's staying home to look after the children was not mentioned.

Linda Westfall Spurrier
Hamilton, Ohio



In spite of Psychologist Jay Belsky's study on the effects of day care, most working mothers must continue to work. Parents need quality child care, provisions for care of sick children, flexible work schedules and job sharing, before- and after-school care, and preschool and summer activities that are more than a couple of hours in the middle of the work-day. Experts should spend their time and energy investigating constructive ways to make life easier for working parents and their children instead of finding more reasons to make the parents feel guilty.

Sara Wisdom
Des Moines

I strongly disagree that working mothers are the heroines of our time. The unsung heroines of the '80s are those mothers who have postponed or interrupted careers and have chosen to live in reduced circumstances so they may perform the essential, if unfashionable, task of raising their children.

Bobbie Baird Greene
Arden, N.C.

I am a dinosaur. I chose to have children and raise them myself. Even so, I find many valid reasons for women's working outside the home. But some are doing so to pay for a new camper or an extra vacation. The Government has no right to use taxpayer dollars to subsidize this personal choice. It makes me livid to think any of my husband's paycheck

might be used to help take care of their children, when we very often sacrifice so that we can look after our own.

Christine S. Crowley
Sterling Heights, Mich.

Marena McPherson, whom you quoted in your cover story on child care, will never find someone who "reflects her own values" to take care of her baby. Anyone with her values is out in the workplace making big bucks, not home nurturing the next generation for less than minimum wage.

Margaret Berry
Kalamazoo, Mich.

How dare you print a picture of a child being left at a day-care center and call it "the most anguished moment of the morning." Parents carry around enough guilt without having visual reminders. Instead, you could have countered the sadness portrayed with a photograph of the smiles and hugs that our kids bestow on us each morning when they are dropped off.

Celeste Romaine Taber
Middleton, Wis.

It wasn't a question of whether day care or nanny care or granny care was good or bad. It was that I wanted to be with my children. I enjoyed those years. Now I count the cost: backache, no job and a husband who understands very well that his money is power. Women just can't get out of being mothers. It is liberating to accept that and fantasize as little as possible about women's lib.

Ingrid Kuipers
Albany, Australia

Superpower Status

The article "If Necessary, a Superpower Acts Alone" (ESSAY, June 22) raises some serious and provocative questions about the status and the criteria by which the U.S. claims the title superpower. Charles Krauthammer is correct in noting that U.S. policy regarding the Persian Gulf is in disarray. In Lebanon and Central America, we have rushed into situations with quick fixes for circumstances that neither the Administration nor the public has fully understood. The results have been costly in terms of human life in Lebanon and of our credibility regarding Central America. The Essay raises a searing question: Do the Administration and the public have the fortitude and moral backbone to conduct an honest, informed and intelligent foreign policy? The answer might determine our ability to wear the tag superpower.

Bill Graves
Brady, Texas

Perhaps we are constitutionally unwilling to play the role of superpower in the way Krauthammer seems to suggest. Our reluctance to be an aggressive empire may be responsible for many past and

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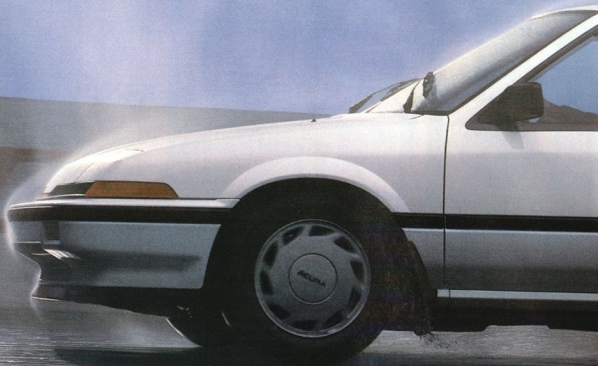
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From the very moment you get behind the wheel, you realize that this is not merely another pretender to the sports sedan throne. The analog gauges are clearly visible. The controls are carefully integrated into the driver's environment.

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And when it comes to the sports bucket seat, well let's just say the contours allow you sit in it. Not on it.

But it's once you're belted in that the Inte



The Grand Prix winning Williams Honda Formula 1 car, the Acura Integra's foref



t of many races.

ons begins to show its true Grand Prix colors. You'll find your right foot in command of the race-bred performance that comes from a fuel-injected DOHC 16-valve engine that's substantially lighter than its more conventional counterparts.

In other words, an engine that makes the Integra substantially quicker.

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EDUCATION PROGRAM

present legislative actions. Congress collectively reflects the wishes of a majority of the American people in seeking to restrain rash military movements in places where we could be needlessly drawn, with unpredictable results, into a shooting war.

*Jerome M. Rabassa
Short Hills, N.J.*

Krauthammer is thinking in a pre-Hiroshima mode. He sneers at Senator Claiborne Pell and White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker for looking favorably on the idea that "the U.S. and the Soviet Union ... share the responsibility for assuring the passage of oil tankers to the Persian Gulf." Yet one looks beneath the Essay's macho belligerence for a reasonable argument against such sharing. Krauthammer thinks Western control of the gulf is more important than a "joint partnership with the Soviet Union." But a view more appropriate to our times and aimed at a safer planet is one of partnership.

*Ellen Roddick
Bodega Bay, Calif.*

Open This Gate

President Reagan's Brandenburg Gate speech [NATION, June 22] was excellent. It made me proud to be an American. Comrade Gorbachev, let us know the date when you will rip out the first chunk of the Wall. Such an honorable decision will surely open the road to peace.

*Milan Radivojevitich
Cleveland*

The two great leaders, Gorbachev and Reagan, have a big problem in common: the Wall. Gorbachev should raze the Wall, and Reagan should tear down the thick barrier of distrust and disgrace that has grown around him.

*Antti A. Pesonen
Kerava, Finland*

Private Lives

You published a story based on a Cleveland *Plain Dealer* report about the private life of our father Governor Richard F. Celeste of Ohio [NATION, June 15]. The *Plain Dealer* was wrong to publish such an article, but if it felt compelled to do so, there is a story of our private lives that tells more about Dick Celeste as a leader and an honest, caring person than the newspaper chose to print. This piece is about a family that has worked together for 25 years, through the good and the bad. We know of our parents' weaknesses and strengths, as well as their ability to deal with problems squarely and as a family. We do not deny problems; we face them and work through them. Our family long ago did that with those cited in the *Plain Dealer*'s sensationalized story.

*Eric, 23; Christopher, 22;
Gabriella, 20; Noelle, 17;
Natalie, 16; Stephen Celeste, 9
Columbus*

Letters

Mixing Up Control

Your story on the labor movement's legislative priorities contains a quote attributed to me that is, at best, taken out of context [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, June 22]. As printed, it conveys the misleading message that the labor movement somehow "controls" congressional committees and the agenda for floor votes. The correct statement is that Democratic majorities now control the committees and the agenda on the floor—something that your readers already surely know and your writers should know if they do not.

*Howard D. Samuel, President
Industrial Union Dept., AFL-CIO
Washington*

Presumption on Trial

John T. Noonan Jr., a U.S. circuit-court judge, asks the question, "What ever happened to the common-law presumption that someone is innocent until proved guilty?" [LETTERS, June 22] in response to your series of portraits of Administration officials facing allegations of questionable activities. The answer is that presumption is still valid and operative. However, it applies only to the judicial system. The judge, jury and others officially involved in determining guilt or innocence must afford the defendant this constitutional protection. It is not relevant to the press or the public, but this fallacious application of a valid principle is often expounded by laymen. If one sees a murder committed, he does not have to presume the perpetrator's innocence unless he becomes the judge or a juror trying the accused.

*Harris J. Winkelstein
Greensboro, N.C.*

Wise Words

Ted Koppel told those at Duke University this year [EDUCATION, June 22] something that all Americans should be hearing—there are absolutes. Ethics and morals are not colored gray.

*Lyndis A. Webb
Yuma, Ariz.*

Three cheers for Joan Didion, Garrison Keillor and Oprah Winfrey! Their advice to the young people graduating from college had a tone of lightheartedness, fun and zest for life. Shame on the other commencement speakers you quoted, who sounded like prophets of doom. How frightening to be told the world is a lousy place. None of us would be eager to make a difference if negative advice like that were thrown at us upon graduation.

*Karen Shewman
Bettendorf, Iowa*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



Here comes the judge: the President's choice may create a court majority that would advance the Reagan legacy into the next century

DIANA WALKER

Nation

TIME/JULY 13, 1987

The Battle Begins

Bork's nomination is likely to stir a fiercely political Senate fight

All at once the political passions of three decades seemed to converge on a single empty chair: the Supreme Court seat vacated by Lewis Powell, a centrist who gave court liberals a crucial fifth vote in decisions on abortion, affirmative action and religion. Powell's retirement has offered Ronald Reagan a chance to engineer what could be the most important court succession in decades, creating a right-leaning judicial majority that could advance the President's legacy into the next century.

No wonder then that the fight shaping up over Judge Robert Bork, 60, the conservative legal scholar nominated by Reagan last week, promises to be far fiercer than anything that met the President's earlier appointments of Sandra Day O'Connor and Antonin Scalia. By giving the court's

right wing a decisive fifth vote, the addition of Bork could be as pivotal as the 1962 appointment of Arthur Goldberg, which consolidated the liberal majority that worked the Warren Court revolution.

Under the heat and pressure of the challenge, the judicial confirmation process seems to be changing shape. In recent times the Senate's scrutiny of presidential court appointees has been limited chiefly to questions of their legal ability and ethical fitness. Last week, however, Bork's opponents in the Democrat-controlled Senate were moving toward a frank confrontation over ideology. Michigan Democrat Carl Levin is talking the language of senatorial prerogative when he says, "The President has a right to look for a strict constructionist; the Senate has a right to look for a fair constructionist."

"This battle won't involve smoking guns or skeletons," says Nan Aron of Alliance for Justice, a public-interest law group. "It's going to come down to philosophy." A no-holds-barred tone was quickly set for the Senate debate in a scathing speech by Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy: "Robert Bork's America is a land in which women would be forced into back-alley abortions, blacks would sit at segregated lunch counters, rogue police could break down citizens' doors in midnight raids, schoolchildren could not be taught about evolution, writers and artists could be censored at the whim of government."

Bork's opponents are being driven to an openly ideological fight in part because there is not much chance of blocking his confirmation on other grounds, though

they can be expected to publicize the fact that he was the man who fired Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox during Watergate's Saturday Night Massacre. Says former U.S. Solicitor General Rex Lee, a Bork supporter: "Bob Bork is probably the most qualified person to be a Supreme Court Justice from the standpoint of intellect, temperament and training." A former Yale University law professor who was appointed to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia by Reagan in 1981, Bork commands respect for his intellect even among those who deplore his devotion to the concept of "original intent." For decades Bork has been a chief exponent of the view that judges should render decisions in keeping with the intention of the Constitution's framers, avoiding the articulation of new rights not explicitly set out in the text. "Original intent is the only legitimate basis for constitutional decision," Bork has written. Without it "there would be no law other than the will of the judge."

Bork was the leading contender for the court seat from the first moments after Powell resigned. His name headed separate wish lists drawn up by both Attorney General Edwin Meese, who wanted a conservative in his own mold, and White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker, whose chief concern was to avoid an all-out war over confirmation. Though the combined list the men prepared for the President contained a dozen names, at a Monday-afternoon meeting with Reagan, Baker spoke for himself and Meese when he told the President, "Bork is a cut above all the rest."

Meese and Baker headed next to Capitol Hill, where they showed their list to South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, the ranking Republican on the Senate Judiciary Committee, and Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole, and then to Majority Lead-



Kennedy set a no-holds-barred tone for the Senate debate

er Robert Byrd and Judiciary Committee Chairman Joseph R. Biden Jr., who warned of a Senate fight over Bork. At a Washington hotel Wednesday morning, White House Counsel Arthur B. Culvahouse interrogated Bork over coffee to satisfy himself that the potential nominee had no awkward club memberships, dubious financial dealings or medical problems.

On Wednesday afternoon Bork was summoned to the White House. He arrived rumpled and perspiring heavily after a ride through Washington's tropical heat in a car that lacked air-conditioning, but nothing could wilt his readiness to accept the President's offer. "I've thought about it for at least ten or twelve seconds, and I would be highly honored," was Bork's reply. After an awkward pause Reagan inquired, "Does that mean yes?"

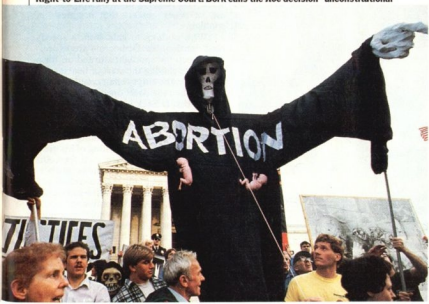
Although Reagan is not well acquainted with his new nominee, he is thoroughly comfortable with Bork's judicial philosophy. The operative terms of Bork's legal vocabulary are "strict" and "narrow." Rights must appear in the text of the Constitution before they can be enforced by the court. Accordingly, he rejects such notions

as a broad constitutional right to privacy, which William O. Douglas detected in 1965 by peering into the "penumbras" of several constitutional guarantees, including the Fourth Amendment right to be secure in one's home. Asked recently by TIME if he found a right to privacy anywhere in the Constitution, Bork's reply was unequivocal: "I do not."

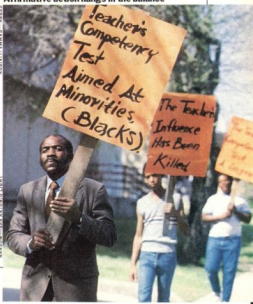
That view makes Bork unsympathetic to the court's 1973 pronouncement in *Roe v. Wade* of a right to abortion—he has called *Roe* an "unconstitutional decision"—and unsupportive of arguments favoring a right to homosexual conduct. Conversely, since the Constitution explicitly mentions the death penalty, Bork believes the court cannot forbid it.

Under Senate questioning before being confirmed as Solicitor General in 1973, Bork recalled the views he expressed in the *New Republic* ten years earlier, when he condemned federal legislation requiring hotels, bars and restaurants to serve black customers and grumbled that it compelled people to mix with those with whom they did not wish to associate. Bork says he has also stepped back from the radically narrow view of free speech he suggested in a 1971 law-review article. At the time, Bork stated that the First Amendment protects only "speech that is explicitly political" and extends no guarantees to literary or scientific creation. On the D.C. federal appeals bench, however, he has written some opinions strongly upholding free-speech rights. He supported the press in a much cited 1984 libel suit against Syndicated Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, proposing that "those who place themselves in a political arena must accept a degree of derogation that others need not." Says Libel Lawyer Bruce Sanford: "There hasn't been an opinion more favorable to the press in a decade."

Right-to-Life rally at the Supreme Court: Bork calls the *Roe* decision "unconstitutional"



Affirmative action hangs in the balance



Bork's jurisprudence is deferential—to the decisions of elected bodies, the power of states and the prerogatives of the President. "Courts ought not to do any more than the Constitution or the legislature intended them to do," he told TIME. That brand of judicial deference has a silver lining for liberals. It also encourages a reluctance to overturn earlier court decisions, even those he believes to be mistaken, once they have become entrenched in law and subsequent court rulings. (He has never said, however, whether he thinks the abortion decision belongs in that category.) "He respects tradition, precedent and continuity in the law," says Columbia University Law Professor Henry Monaghan. "You aren't going to see anything radical out of Bork on that court." The opposition was less sanguine. Says Art Kropp, executive director of the liberal People for the American Way: "By nominating Bork, the Administration has laid down the gauntlet."

That gauntlet can be picked up only by the Senate. Should it be? Conservatives argue that changing the makeup of the court was part of Ronald Reagan's electoral mandate in 1980 and again in 1984. "This is one reason Ronald Reagan was elected," says Republican Presidential Candidate Jack Kemp. "To bring the Supreme Court back, after 25 years of wandering far from the meaning of the Constitution." Others contend that the Senate's constitutional responsibility to advise and consent does not extend to judgments of a candidate's philosophy. Says former Deputy Solicitor General Paul Batton: "If we adopt a political litmus test, our



ABORTION Bork has branded *Roe v. Wade* a "judicial usurpation of state legislative authority." His addition to the court could create a new majority to undo the 1973 ruling upholding a woman's right to abortion.

FREE SPEECH Like the court majority, Bork favors a "vigorous marketplace in political ideas" and supports broad protections for the press against libel suits by public figures. But he does not believe the Constitution protects pornography.

GAY RIGHTS Bork does not recognize a constitutional right to engage in homosexual activity. Nor does the court: with Powell providing the fifth vote, the Justices last year denied protection to homosexual conduct at home.

CRIME In line with the present court majority, Bork supports the death penalty, backs strong law enforcement and questions rules barring admission of improperly obtained evidence.

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION Bork believes judges should refrain from making social policy. His strict constructionist leanings could erode the fragile court majority that has upheld limited, temporary affirmative-action plans.

most distinguished members would fail."

In fact, nominees have not succeeded in winning confirmation by the Senate on 27 occasions—nearly 20% of the total—many times for purely political reasons. The first rejection involved John Rutledge, George Washington's choice for Chief Justice, turned down because of his opposition to the Jay Treaty with Britain. John Parker, a federal judge nominated in 1930 by Herbert Hoover, was rejected by the Senate because of an antilabor ruling on the bench—but also for some racist remarks made during a campaign for Governor of North Carolina. When Justice Abe Fortas was nominated as Chief Justice, his liberal decisions prompted Thurmond and others to block his elevation in 1968.

"The myth has grown up—and an

older tradition has been lost because of it—that the only basis for denying confirmation is lack of capacity or honesty," says Stanford University Law Professor William Cohen. "It seems to me the Senate could quite properly consider what the court is going to look like with a Bork for a Powell." A politicized confirmation process may be no more than the appropriate response to an Administration selection process that is widely understood to be political. When Attorney General Meese told an audience at the Chautauqua Institution in New York last week that the President would apply no ideological test in choosing a replacement for Powell, many in the crowd laughed out loud.

The confirmation process will be a test of fire, and an opportunity, for the Democratic White House hopefuls, above all Joseph Biden. Hearings on the Bork nomination will be held by the Judiciary Committee that Biden chairs, and are sure to remedy any name-recognition problem that the Delaware Senator still has. But they may also leave him in a bind. If he appears to go too easy on Bork, he risks offending the liberals he needs to win the nomination. If he seems too harshly ideological, he could turn off the wider public.

"Like everything else in politics, the test of whether you are good is what you do in difficult situations," Biden told TIME last week. Bork's backers were quick to remind reporters that last year Biden said publicly that he could support a Bork nomination, though at the time it was a matter of Bork's merely substituting for another conservative, Warren Burger. By last week, however, the Senator was concerned that Bork might try to "take the country back 40 years." Said a Biden adviser: "We're going to be walking the finest of lines under the brightest of spotlights."

With nothing to gain from a speedy confirmation, the Democrats are expected to keep the spotlights turned off for a while by delaying the start of hearings. If they delay, the empty chair could be empty still when the court opens its next term in October. If Bork is confirmed, Ronald Reagan might finally be able to deliver on the "social agenda" that his conservative supporters have been promoting with little success since the beginning of his presidency. Yet Bork's presence on the court could mean that many decisions on abortion, prayer and affirmative action are thrown back from the courts to state legislatures. If so, the Bork nomination could signal the beginning of a whole new round of battle over the major issues of the past quarter-century.

—By Richard Lacayo,
Reported by David Beckwith and Anne
Constable/Washington



Courtship: Senators Biden and Byrd confer with Baker and Meese on the potential nominees
For the Democratic contender, the confirmation hearings could be a mixed blessing.

Catching the Last Train to the Court

After nearly two decades of living on the relatively modest salary of a law professor and civil servant, Robert Bork went on a spending spree in 1981. Flush with the promise of a partnership worth \$400,000 annually in the Washington office of the firm of Kirkland & Ellis, Bork purchased a new BMW sedan and a \$500,000 house in the District's fashionable Kent neighborhood. The day he moved into his new home, however, Attorney General William French Smith made him an offer he could not refuse: a seat on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, at an \$82,000 salary. It was clear, Bork later told friends, that he was being asked to try out for the Supreme Court. Although he preferred to remain in his new private practice, he said, "I was made to feel that the train was leaving the station."

All the more reason for Bork's sense of frustration when Ronald Reagan passed him over for a Supreme Court nomination last year, choosing Antonin Scalia, Bork's close friend and former appellate-court colleague. Seeing that Bork was bored by much of the appeals-court work, friends suspected that he was ready to quit the bench. But that restlessness vanished abruptly last week when Robert Heron Bork, 60, finally was handed his long awaited opportunity.

With a resonant baritone voice that rumbles out of a burly figure topped off by a scraggly helmet of gray hair and an untidy beard, Bork commands attention by sound and sight. After 34 years as lawyer, professor, author and judge, this bear of a man has a professional reputation that tends to portray him as straitlaced, rigid, predictable. But there are a few twists. The predictable conservative venerated Socialist Eugene V. Debs as his boyhood hero, and his vote for President in 1952 was for that saint of the liberals, Adlai Stevenson. The man who was raised a Protestant and is now an agnostic married a Jewish woman, Claire Davidson, as his first wife; as a widower in 1982, he married a former Roman Catholic nun, Mary Ellen Pohl. The celebrated foe of judicial permissiveness indulges enough liberality of spirit to relish martinis before dinner and enjoy a good party.

Talk is a favorite pastime, and he soaks up a wide diversity of books, including mysteries; he recently gave away more than 1,000 paperback whodunits to make room for new arrivals. He is an occasional player in an elite poker game often attended by Scalia and Chief Justice of the U.S. William Rehnquist. "He is serious when it comes to his work, which is serious," says Bork's friend, Washington Lawyer Leonard Garment. "He is a merry man when it comes to the general business of life. He is the antithesis of a stuffed judicial robe."

Born in Pittsburgh in 1927, the only child of a steel company purchasing agent and a schoolteacher mother,



On tryout: Bork in his appellate-court office

Bork originally intended to follow in Ernest Hemingway's footsteps by working for newspapers and then writing fiction. A poet-professor at the University of Chicago steered him to the law. At Chicago's law school, free-market economists like Aaron Director inspired his transition from liberal to conservative.

Bork practiced antitrust law in Chicago for seven years before turning to teaching at Yale University in 1962. Recalls former Student John Danforth, who, as a Republican Senator from Missouri, is now in a position to vote on Bork's confirmation: "He would constantly say things that would provoke us." But Bork's offhanded conservatism disillusioned some students. He was "intensely cynical about the law and the possibility for

what it can do," one Yale graduate recalls.

Although Bork did not leave New Haven, Conn., for Washington for good until shortly after his first wife died of cancer in 1980, his stint at Yale was interrupted by a four-year tour of Government duty. As Solicitor General on Oct. 20, 1973, Bork was propelled into the crisis for which he is most often remembered—his Saturday Night Massacre firing of Watergate Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

Nixon had demanded the prosecutor's dismissal when Cox insisted on going to court to obtain the Oval Office tapes that would eventually free Nixon from the presidency. White House Chief of Staff Alexander Haig first carried the order to Attorney General Elliot Richardson, who resigned rather than comply. Richardson's deputy William French Smith also refused and was fired by Nixon. Bork, as third in command, was then ordered to fire Cox, and he did so.

Although Bork is often condemned for carrying out Nixon's order, Richardson last week broke years of silence to state that he had urged Bork to obey the President. Saying that he thought Bork acted honorably, Richardson declared, "I think his performance under pressure reflects to his credit. He was holding [the Justice Department] together." Former Solicitor General Rex Lee also defended Bork: "There was no question Nixon was going to get Cox fired if he had to march through the entire list of available personnel in the Justice Department." Bork has argued that that would have

crippled the department, and has pointed out that he not only retained the special prosecutor's staff and secured his files so that the investigations could go forward, but even persuaded the President to name a successor to Cox—Leon Jaworski. "If you put yourself in public life, in the center of controversies, you have to put up with a certain amount of banging and unfairness," Bork recently told TIME. The prospective Justice will certainly see his share of banging and unfairness in the months to come. —By Frank Trippett. Reported by David Beckwith and Anne Constable/Washington



Cox with his onetime nemesis in 1981

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

"We're Still Jefferson's Children"

If the fractious globe allows it, Ronald Reagan may spend his final months in power less as a swashbuckler than as a teacher, looking back and extracting lessons from his considerable experience. His "Economic Bill of Rights" speech, delivered on the third of July at the Jefferson Memorial, was a summary of the passions expended in his stewardship and a call to the faithful to carry the banner beyond him.

From his years as a dinner speaker for General Electric, Reagan has been a master of the art of exhortation. Indeed, the day before he journeyed to the Tidal Basin to stand beneath the bronze statue of Jefferson, the President told his Cabinet, "The mashed-potato circuit is still out there, and I may be right back on it." So why not start now, while he still commands the world's airwaves and has his jet to get him around?



At the memorial, a shadow of greatness

grow. Reagan knows this, but half an ear or even less is better than most recent Presidents have been able to command in their waning days. Time will tell if events permit Reagan to become a pedagogue. He has other pet subjects for discourse, such as the War Powers Act, which gives modern Presidents so many fits, and the two-term limit in office, which saps a Chief Executive's power in his last years.

Reagan's pilgrimage to the feet of Jefferson was a bit of a sacrilege. Jefferson hated political speeches. He also thought it was unwise to hang around the swamps of Washington in the summer. Despite criticism, the Virginian paid long visits to Monticello, where both air and mind were clearer. Yet there is a resonance now between Jefferson's warnings and Reagan's present-day fears of a Government so big and costly that it ultimately breaks America's spirit.

"We're still Jefferson's children," Reagan told his audience wilting in muggy heat. "Freedom is not created by Government, nor is it a gift from those in political power. It is, in fact, secured, more than anything else, by limitations placed on those in Government."

No, there was not that much new in Reagan's before-the-Fourth oration. But artful recasting of unvarying basic themes is what got Reagan into the White House in the first place and what has got him through the 6½ years since then. More important than novelty is the virtue in his suggestions.

"Our citizens were always skeptical of Government," Reagan said. "Jefferson looked at Congress and noted that no one should have expected 150 lawyers to do business anyway. But the Federal Government's role was severely limited, and the future was in the hands of the people, not the Government, and that was the way our forebears wanted it."

Not the most rousing history lecture we've ever heard, but not a bad start for a would-be teacher.

Reagan's address on economic rights was mostly a burnishing of the ideas he has carried throughout his political life. Specifically, he will continue his assault on Big Government, high taxes, regulation. He still wants an amendment to the Constitution mandating a balanced federal budget and a law providing line-item veto power for the President. He would require Congress to muster more than a mere majority to impose tax increases. "Taxation beyond a certain level becomes servitude," Reagan declared. He brandished once again the "truth in spending" scheme that would compel Congress to assign a cost to any new program—and then pay for it either by cutting other obligations or raising new revenues.

At best America will listen with only half an ear, especially when summer ends and the din of the presidential campaign starts to

Bugproofing the Embassy

A plan for the Moscow post

After U.S. officials discovered that their new \$192 million embassy in Moscow had been equipped with wall-to-wall Soviet bugs, they tapped former Defense Secretary and Central Intelligence Agency Director James R. Schlesinger to assess the damage and figure out a way to deal with it. Last week Schlesinger confirmed that the situation was bad—but maybe not as disastrous as it initially seemed. His recommendation: that the U.S. salvage the first five of the eight floors for routine use, rebuild the top three floors to make them bugproof, and construct a new six-story annex to house the embassy's most sensitive activities.

The work would cost an estimated \$80 million and would not be completed until 1990. Schlesinger admitted that it would "require a level of Soviet cooperation that exceeds anything they have heretofore provided." Even so, he suspected cooperation might be forthcoming, given Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev's hope for an arms-control pact with the U.S. Said Schlesinger: "They will recognize that the cost of failing to accommodate us... will far exceed the gains."

Schlesinger contended that the U.S. should never have permitted the Soviets to cast concrete parts for the American building away from the site—a procedure that allowed the Soviets to implant the electronic listening devices. He suggested

that future construction be done by American workers using materials prefabricated in the U.S. He blamed the State Department and other Government agencies for recognizing the problem so late. Schlesinger admitted that U.S. experts still did not fully understand how the eavesdropping system worked, but he credited unnamed U.S. technicians with inventing a new detection device that enabled them to assess the damage. They "deserve a medal," said Schlesinger, whose suggestions conflict with a Senate proposal calling for the replacement of the compromised chancery with a new structure built from scratch. Though the House has not yet voted on the proposal, many Senators remained skeptical toward the Schlesinger plan. Labeling it a "half measure," South Carolina Democrat Ernest Hollings declared, "The best solution would be just to tear the whole thing down and send the Soviets the bill."



Schlesinger

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On the Firing Line, Mostly Blanks

Seven Democrats emerge as Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time Players



As makeup artists worked feverishly backstage at Houston's Wortham Theater Center, seven Democrats gazed into the double mirrors of their slate-gray dressing rooms, and each saw the next President of the U.S. Minutes later, the politicians were seated in leather chairs for the first debate of the too much, too soon 1988 presidential season. So what if their host and chief inquisitor was Conservative Columnist William F. Buckley Jr., who took puckish delight in presenting the Democratic lineup on a special two-hour edition of his TV show, *Firing Line*? These were seven candidates in search of an audience—and they were eager to prove they were ready for prime time.

They weren't. Most of the shots on *Firing Line* were blanks. The Somber Seven were all painfully earnest, briefing-book glib and unflinchingly polite. But the few issue differences that emerged (primarily on trade and oil-import fees) were introduced almost apologetically with phrases like "with all due respect." Jesse Jackson and Delaware Senator Joseph Biden, the orators of the group, seemed to believe that flights of rhetoric would be unseemly at such a high-tone forum. Two of the technocratic moderates in the race, Missouri Congressman Richard Gephardt and Tennessee Senator Albert Gore Jr., were largely content to enhance their images of quiet competence. That void left Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, Illinois Senator Paul Simon and former Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt in charge of providing charisma, a task akin to asking Comedian Jay Leno to dance *Swan Lake*.

In truth, the PBS broadcast was less a debate than a video dating service for Democrats. This image was enhanced by a

format that included 90-second filmed autobiographies of each contender. There was something almost comic in the intense friendliness of seven candidates introducing themselves like this: "Hello there. I'm Congressman Dick Gephardt from Missouri. The Gephardt family is here in front of our home in Great Falls, Va."

No one had the temerity to claim victory when the debate was over. But in the chaotic pressroom afterward, the Gephardt and Dukakis camps jostled with each other, as if to signify they were now both at the front of the Democratic pack. The two candidates had briefly skirmished over trade in the debate, with Gephardt defending his get-tough amendment ("It's not protectionism, it's promotionism") and Dukakis staking out the internationalist position ("I'm somebody who believes that more trade is better than less trade"). Gephardt, who has been searching for a debating foil since Gary Hart left the race, took a far more aggressive tack with reporters, accusing Dukakis of following a "blame America first" line.

These frenzied efforts at spin control seem ludicrous seven months before the Iowa caucuses. But politics craves winners and losers, regardless of evidence. That explains the headlines generated by a debate focus group of 87 Iowa Democrats conducted by Hickman-Maslin, a Democratic polling firm unaffiliated with any presidential campaign. Their verdict: Dukakis, Gephardt and Simon gained ground, while Babbitt lost long yardage. Of course, such a tiny and far from repre-

sentative sample is hardly conclusive. But in the game of momentum this Iowa focus group may turn out to have more political weight than its statistical worth.

Any debate, however tepid, will produce a few images likely to stick with viewers. Some highs and lows:

Most overused words. "Guts" (Gephardt), "our children" (Biden), "hard choices" (Dukakis) and "cares" (Simon's favorite verb).

Most adept footwork. Dukakis' response to a smart-alecky Buckley question about how much of Massachusetts' budget goes for defense: "None. But a lot of it goes into social services and education and economic development. And that's why today Massachusetts has the lowest unemployment rate of any industrial state."

Most slavish praise. Babbitt's hosannas to Democratic Patriarch Robert Strauss, who joined Buckley in the questioning. Babbitt twice promised Strauss a Cabinet post in his Administration.

Most original proposal. Simon's suggestion that pictures of steelworkers, coal miners and inner-city children replace the presidential portraits in the White House to remind officials for whom they work.

Most dramatic face-off. Gore, who formally declared his candidacy two days before the debate, displaying the confidence of a veteran in challenging Buckley not once but twice over the validity of a study debunking the Strategic Defense Initiative. In the end it was Buckley who retreated with the words, "I think we're just going to have to move on."

Most preposterous claim. Gephardt, facing a phalanx of news cameras immediately after the debate was over and saying, "We went from the Seven Dwarfs to the Magnificent Seven."

—By Walter Shapiro.
Reported by Laurence L. Barrett/Houston



Buckley twits the panel



Do you know me? Gephardt, Dukakis and Babbitt



I'm running for President: Simon, Biden, Gore and Jackson

Painfully earnest and briefing-book glib, the somber septet seemed like participants in a video dating service for Democrats.

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Nation

The Boxcar That Became a Coffin

18 aliens die in Texas

The weak voice was just above a whisper. "We need help. Can you please help us?" Border Patrol Agent Stanley Saathoff turned a crank to unlock the door of a red Missouri Pacific boxcar sitting on a siding in the small town of Sierra Blanca, 90 miles southeast of El Paso. A naked young man threw himself into the startled agent's arms. "You've been sent from heaven," the man moaned.

But when Saathoff looked inside the dark car, he found a scene straight out of hell. Sprawled across the floor in the 100° heat lay the naked bodies of 18 other young men. In their efforts to escape from the locked boxcar, they left gashes on the wood lining of the heavy metal door and

Then he slammed the door shut and locked it. But the smugglers apparently did not realize that this was an airtight steel car, lined with wood and insulating foam, designed to carry beer. The floor was nine inches thick.

It had been close to 100° outside when the doomed passengers entered the car. After four hours, Tostado said, they began suffering from lack of air and water. Many ripped off their clothes. As the train rumbled along busy Interstate 10, the men screamed for help, but their delirious cries could not be heard. When their supply of water ran low, Tostado recalled, many "started fighting with each other because they were desperate to breathe and drink. They didn't know what they were doing."

Tostado found a crack in a corner of



Reporters swarm around the scene; inset, Tostado's hole and railway spike

Flailing about in crazed delirium, the trapped men perished one by one in the dark.

used railroad spikes in a vain attempt to gouge through the floor. They had removed their clothes to lessen the effect of the intense heat, also to no avail. Some had chewed their tongues during convulsions, spilling blood on their cast-off clothing.

Tragedy ended last week one of the worst tragedies in the long and tortured history of illegal crossings of the U.S.-Mexican border. The lone survivor, Miguel Tostado Rodriguez, 21, told how he promised to pay \$400 to a "coyote" (the term for smugglers who grow wealthy by sneaking Mexicans into the U.S.) for help in rafting the Rio Grande and hiding in a freight train headed for Fort Worth. All but two of his 18 companions had agreed to make similar payments. Those two were guides, working with the coyote.

After the 19 climbed into the boxcar in El Paso at 5 p.m. on Wednesday, the coyote threw a couple of railroad spikes in after them. He said the men could use them to punch through the car floor when they reached their destination.

the floor, crouched and sucked in the life-saving air. He watched the smuggler's two aides dig at the floor with the spikes. "They ran out of strength, and they were the first to die." Others took up the task, but never completed it. "People started dying, little by little," he said. Desperate for more air, Tostado hacked away with one of the spikes and finally punched through the wood. He dropped to the floor, gulping drafts of air. Tostado was now alive but alone, surrounded by bodies.

It was not until 7 a.m. on Thursday that Agent Saathoff heard the faint plea for help from Tostado. The coyote was believed to have fled back to Mexico. William Harrington, assistant chief of the El Paso Border Patrol, conceded that "we may never get our hands on him." The closest Harrington may come is the coyote's two confederates, whose sordid business led them to death in the boxcar that became a coffin.

—By Ed Magnuson.

Reported by Richard Woodbury/Houston

One in Two? Not True

A pollster disputes divorce rates

For years the state of the marriage union in the U.S. has been widely proclaimed as dismal. Citing high divorce rates, preachers and social commentators have bemoaned the institution as virtually doomed unless American couples mend their fickle ways. To support their cries of alarm, they have often cited a commonly accepted statistic: one out of every two marriages ends in divorce.

Not so, insists Pollster Louis Harris. After studying the divorce rates and surveying some 3,000 married people, as well as unmarried couples, Harris issued two reassuring findings last week: only one in eight marriages ends in divorce, and fully 89% of those surveyed say their relationships with their partners are satisfying. "The prophets of doom could not be any more wrong," says Harris. "The American family is surviving."

So what happened to all those marriages that were supposedly on the rocks? Is reconciliation suddenly sweeping the country? Harris claims that many experts looked at the stats too hastily. The National Center for Health Statistics, for example, reported that in 1981 there were 2.4 million marriages and 1.2 million divorces. Many misinterpreted those figures to mean that half of all nuptial knots untie.

Harris notes that in 1981 there were also 54 million marriages that "just keep flowing along like Ol' Man River." In other words, only 2% of all the marriages then in existence actually ended in divorce that year. "If you take in marriages that occurred 30 and 40 years ago and combine them with recent marriages, it certainly wouldn't turn out to be 50%," agrees Arlene Saluter, a statistician in the Census Bureau's marriage and family statistics branch.

In fact, the U.S. divorce rate, which climbed sharply in the late 1960s and '70s, declined in the early 1980s and by last year was back to its 1975 rate. The number of divorces per 1,000 Americans peaked at 5.3 in 1981; it was 5 in 1985. Although the actual number of divorces each year tripled between 1962 and 1981 to a high of 1.2 million, this too began dropping in 1982. In 1985 there were 1,187,000 divorces.

As Harris sees it, even if there is one divorce for every two marriages in any given year, that trend would have to continue for 30 years before it could accurately be said that half of all unions end in divorce. Harris' survey, which indicated considerable contentment among family members, convinces him that this will not happen. Now if only someone, married, divorced or single, could find a way to make one out of every two statistics disappear...

COVER STORIES

Ollie's Turn

As North finally tells his story, larger questions remain



The silence is over. The cameras are in place, the microphones tuned, the TV networks willing, even eager, to drop their soap operas and go live to Capitol Hill. Investigators are armed with several cartons of papers turned over last week by the witness to guide their questioning. This week, after seven months of claiming his Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination, Oliver North at last appears before the congressional committees probing the Iran-*contra* affair and begins to talk in public.

But how much of the rumor, mystery and myth swirling around his name will North's testimony dispel? Not all, almost certainly. By arrangement with the lawyers who so long counseled North to say nothing, the committees intend to limit their questioning of the Marine lieutenant colonel, at least initially, to four days. Yet ten times four days would scarcely suffice to explore every secret scheme in which North is said to have put his finger during his five years on the National Security Council staff, to unravel all the private networks he hammered together to carry out secret policies, to track down the sources of the authority that enabled him to order around Ambassadors, CIA agents and Government officials who outranked him.

Then there is the question of how much of what North says under oath ought to be believed. He has already been caught in a lie he told to Justice Department investigators before he was fired from the NSC staff last fall, and doubts about his testimony to Congress may eventually have to be resolved by a trial jury. Though North will testify under a grant of limited immunity, which ensures that nothing truthful he says this week can be used against him, he can still be prosecuted on the basis of other evidence collected by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh. In the view of legal experts, the testimony of witnesses to the Iran-*contra* committees has provided more than enough evidence to support indictments on such counts as conspiracy to defraud the Government and conspiracy to obstruct justice.

Indeed, it is unlikely that any investigator this week will even pose in so many

words some of the numerous questions raised by North's career on the NSC. The committees, to be sure, are prepared to give their star witness a tough, at times caustic, grilling. But their investigation is limited to the Iran-*contra* affair, and their attention is focused on such matters as whether and how much President Reagan knew about the diversion of Iranian arms-sales profits to the Nicaraguan rebels. That complex scandal, however, points to broader problems that also deserve investigation: What do North's many escapades say about the foreign policy of the



Reagan Administration? How much did that policy depend on covert operations, hidden not only from Congress and the public but from much of the official Government? And how did such improbable figures as North and his bizarre retinue of private operators come to play such major roles?

Whatever details about Iran-*contra* emerge from this week's testimony, the outline of the larger problem has become increasingly clear. Ronald Reagan and some of his top aides, notably the late CIA Director William Casey, came to power committed to step up the murky struggle with the Soviet Union in the back alleys of the world. They were determined not just to contain but to roll back what they saw as a pattern of alarming Communist advances. They quickly grew impatient with congressional restrictions and the inbred caution of the State Department, the Pentagon and even the CIA. They turned increasingly to covert operations, including some not subject to the checks and balances of normal Government. That, com-

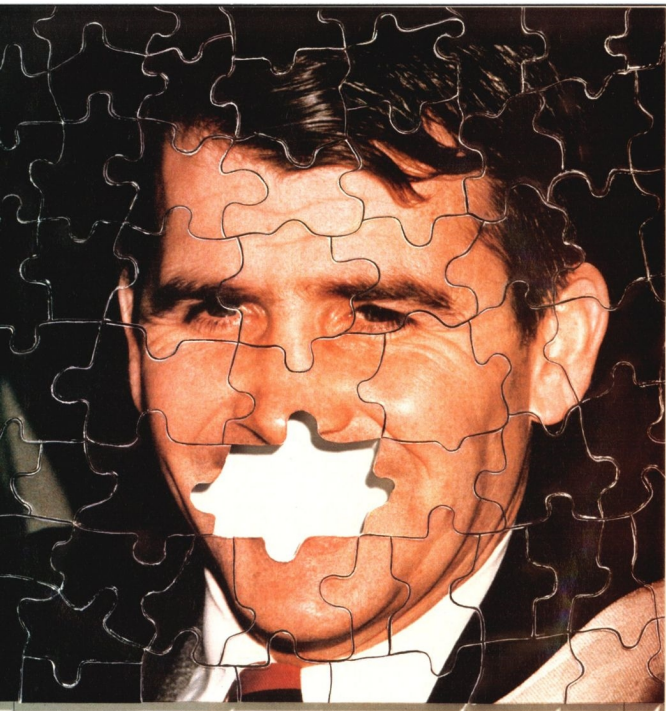
bined with sloppy management from the President on down, opened the way to, if it did not make inevitable, the ascendancy of a can-do zealot like Ollie North.

Covert operations have been a hallmark of the Reagan Administration from its inception. Members of Congress widely estimate that 50 to 60 presidential "findings" authorizing such operations are in force at any given time. (Descriptions of covert operations are supposed to be communicated to the Senate and House Intelligence Committees. But at least some, like the sale of U.S. arms to Iran authorized by a January 1986 finding, were kept secret.) Several legislators believe the number of known findings is more than in any previous Administration. More important, the operations have grown steadily in size, importance and cost. Covert operations, says Anthony Beilenson, a California Democrat who sits on the House Intelligence Committee, are a "much bigger portion of the foreign policy pie than ever before."

Even so, the President and some of his top aides felt frustrated. The requirement to notify Congress of covert operations was constraining; Casey in particular believed in telling the legislators no more than the law required—and sometimes less. Worse, when covert actions made necessary the participation of a skeptical, often skittish, federal bureaucracy, it seemed to place roadblocks in Reagan's way. Some congressional sources are pursuing the theory that in early 1983 the President and a few top members of his Cabinet decided to move some covert operations to the National Security Council staff, which, because it was not officially an intelligence agency, was exempt from congressional oversight—or so the Administration thought.

According to this view, junior NSC officers, prominently including a specialist in counterterrorism named Oliver North, were given wide authority to call on all branches of the military and intelligence communities for assistance, with no questions asked. The officers were told to use their imagination and to try unorthodox methods.

Whether the change in the NSC's role was conscious or evolutionary, it is clear that in anticipation of a congressional ban



on CIA contact with the *contras*, Casey and National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane turned to North to run the secret war in Nicaragua. Says Neil Livingstone, a consultant on counterterrorism who worked with North: "Bill Casey was not prepared to fight the bureaucratic battles. He knew there were a lot of people who could raise great problems if they went public with their concerns. He turned the NSC into the Washington station of the CIA."

As a result, says Livingstone, North "came into the NSC as an easel carrier and

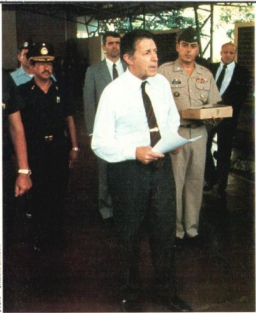
ended up as the world's most powerful lieutenant colonel." Witnesses before the Iran-*contra* committee have testified that they got a strong impression North was working more for Casey than for his nominal bosses, McFarlane and his successor as National Security Adviser, John Poindexter. "Covert actions were pretty much left to Casey and [CIA Deputy Director] John McMahon, with little if any top-level discussion or review," says one former Administration policymaker. According to this official, even Reagan was cut out of the loop: "The President became less and

less involved. Decision making was less systematically fashioned. There was no process to involve him. There was too much informality."

Whatever formal authority he was given, North was adept at expanding on it. One of his techniques: when a presidential finding was issued authorizing a covert operation, North would exploit a bureaucratic mechanism known as a "memorandum of notification" to spell out the meaning of the vaguely worded finding. By drafting these memos, North was able to tailor the ways and means of



In the White House North and Reagan meet with hostage families



In Central America With Caspar Weinberger

the operation according to his own designs. If he got a memo approved, as he often did, he would then put together an interagency working group to plan how to carry out the mission.

In January 1986, for example, at North's urging, Reagan was persuaded to sign a finding authorizing the kidnapping of suspected terrorists. It also allowed the Government agents to monitor and harass not only individual terrorists and groups but also institutions that cooperated with them, such as foreign banks that financed their travel. North then began to map plans to put the finding into operation; so far, nothing much seems to have come of those plans, but the way North used the memorandum of notification, says one source who worked with him, "really explains Ollie's rise to prominence." Watching the gung-ho Marine employ such methods made at least some of his colleagues uneasy. "Oliver North is going to get the President in real trouble," an NSC aide told a friend two years ago. Last year, before the Iran-contras scandal became public, the aide repeated the warning: "Just remember—it's going to happen."

To this day it is difficult to pin down just which operations North became involved in. One reason is North's irrepressible flair for self-dramatization. In the days before he began taking the Fifth Amendment, he told innumerable stories about daring exploits that either were embellished or seem never to have happened. Another reason is that he operated far out of sight of much of the official Government. He claimed to have done much of the planning for the invasion of Grenada. But Jeane Kirkpatrick, then Ambassador to the United Nations, who attended the meeting at which that invasion was finally approved, says North was not present and his name never came up. Indeed, for all her deep involvement with Central American policy generally and

the contras specifically, Kirkpatrick says she heard little about North and saw even less of him before leaving the Government in 1985.

A few examples of North's activities, however, indicate his range and some of his absorbing interests. "Ollie was always talking about hit teams" to strike at terrorists, says one colleague. In 1985 he did more than talk; he prompted an operation calling for CIA training of Lebanese hit teams. In their eagerness to please Washington, the Lebanese hired a private gang that in March 1985 mistakenly blew up an apartment building next to the home of two suspected terrorists, killing 80 people. Shocked, the CIA aborted the training operation.

The same year, North was a key player in a venture that sent Poindecker and Donald Fortier, the NSC's deputy planning director who died last year of cancer, winging to Cairo to try to talk Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak into a joint U.S.-Egyptian invasion of Libya. "North had a fixation about [Libyan Leader Muammar] Gaddafi," says an associate. Mubarak coldly rebuffed the suggestion, and the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff were horrified when they heard the plan; they estimated that it would have required 90,000 American combat troops. Nonetheless, North reportedly kept urging the scheme for an additional six months. Though he got no takers, he did take part in the planning of the U.S. air strike against Libya in April 1986 in retaliation for the terrorist bombing of a West Berlin disco.

By then North was deeply into the linked covert operations in which he was indisputably the linchpin: the supply of arms to the Nicaraguan contras and the trading of weapons to Iran for U.S. hostages. The full dimensions of those projects are still coming to light. Lately, for example, Administration officials have

disclosed that he met secretly at least five or six times in 1985 and 1986 with Anglican Church Envoy Terry Waite to trade information about the hostages in Lebanon. Waite would provide North with his impressions of the Shi'ite captors he had seen in his efforts to free the hostages. North, in turn, would describe the negotiations the U.S. was conducting with Iran about those same hostages—though Waite was never told about the arms sales. North reportedly even supplied a helicopter to take Waite from Cyprus to Beirut last October.

Waite was in no sense working for North, but the contacts endangered Waite nonetheless, as North should have known they would. Waite may have been



Ready for the Stand North last week on



In Cyprus Awaiting release of an American hostage

trying to prove to the kidnapers, and the world, that he was not a U.S. pawn when he journeyed to Beirut one more time last January after the U.S. overture to Iran had collapsed. Instead, he too became a hostage, seized and probably held by the terrorists he had negotiated with. After his abduction, the Lebanese radio broadcast claims, Waite was kidnapped on suspicion of being an American spy.

At his zenith, North had at his disposal what amounted to his own treasury, consisting of funds contributed by foreign countries and private donors. He also bossed his own mini-CIA of private operators, headed by Richard Secord, some of whom seem to have been motivated as much by profit as by patriotism. At times

North came close to running his own foreign policy; at a meeting in Germany last October, he promised Iranian negotiators that the U.S. would support Iran's efforts to depose Iraqi President Saddam Hussein.

In his own mind, much of what North did was to further the so-called Reagan Doctrine. The name was a journalistic coinage that factions in the Administration eventually embraced but to this day have never fully defined. Says one former Reagan aide: "Nowhere on any day at any time has any Government official given a speech on the Reagan Doctrine, least of all the President."

Generally, however, the Reagan Doctrine is taken to mean that the U.S. will no longer seek just to contain but will try to roll back the spread of Soviet-aided Communism. This it will do by actively assisting, and perhaps even trying to create, resistance movements struggling against Soviet-allied Marxist governments in the Third World. Said Stephen Rosenfeld of the Washington Post, writing in *Foreign Affairs*: "The Reagan Doctrine goes over to the offensive. It upholds... the goal of trying to recover Communist-controlled territory," especially in countries "where the Marxist grip is relatively recent and therefore presumed light."

While the doctrine may be laudable, to be successful it requires complete cooperation from Congress, the Government bureaucracy and the public in committing the U.S. to a series of long-term, shadowy struggles whose outcome is in serious doubt. As Kirkpatrick, a staunch promoter of the Reagan Doctrine, noted in a monograph written for the Heritage Foundation, "Even people who share the President's basic political and moral orientation have questions about whether support for resistance movements is practical, whether it risks war, whether it makes sense to support small groups of people who 'can't win.'"



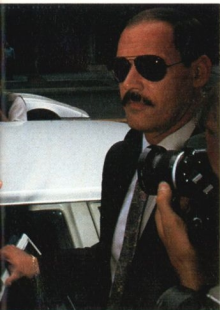
Preaching the Cause North addressing prospective contra donors

The difficulty of rallying support apparently led the Administration to rely more and more on carrying out the Reagan Doctrine by secret means. Dave McCurdy, an Oklahoma Democrat on the House Intelligence Committee, who at times sympathizes with the President's foreign policy, states flatly that the "Reagan Doctrine was a covert doctrine—at least it was covert in implementation." Covert operations are unavoidable in a world where the enemy resorts to them freely. Some of the actions the Reagan Administration undertook or expanded, notably American aid to the guerrillas battling the Soviet invaders of Afghanistan, are eminently defensible morally and practically. But other anti-Soviet moves have entangled the U.S. with allies who cannot stand scrutiny. A prize example is the financing of food supplies for guerrilla groups fighting the Soviet-backed Vietnamese occupiers of Kampuchea. Congress at one point forbade any U.S. aid to the Khmer Rouge, an out-of-power Communist faction that, when it ruled Kampuchea, launched a program of maniacal genocide. But relief officials in the area say some food paid for by the U.S. got to the Khmer Rouge anyway.

At times too the Administration turned to secrecy for operations it could have conducted openly.

Congressman McCurdy recalls asking Jonas Savimbi, the leader of anti-Marxist guerrillas in Angola, whether he desired open or covert aid. Savimbi replied that he wanted the clearest possible expression of American support, so in 1986 McCurdy and a bipartisan group of legislators voted to provide aid overtly—only to be opposed by the Administration, which insisted on arming the guerrillas on the quiet, for diplomatic reasons.

In Nicaragua, which the Administration regards as an all-important test of the Reagan Doctrine, the U.S. got itself



his way to a closed hearing of Iran-contra committees

Nation

trapped in a self-damaging cycle. In 1984 it was discovered that the CIA had secretly supervised the mining of Nicaraguan harbors—another operation that North had a hand in planning. Vessels of friendly countries were damaged, and Congress was furious at not being adequately informed of the operation. Republican Senator Barry Goldwater angrily wrote Casey, "The President has asked us to back his foreign policy. Bill, how can we back his foreign policy when we don't know what the hell he is doing?"

As a result of the incident, the legislators in 1984 toughened the so-called Boland amendment to forbid any U.S. military aid to the *contras*. But by then some officials felt so committed to bringing down the Marxist Sandinista government that they were driven to circumvent, if not outright break, the law. Some Reagan officials have since taken refuge in legalistic quibbles about exactly what the Boland



North's mentor, CIA Boss Casey



His official superior, Poindexter

amendment prohibited. In truth, the amendment, like Congress's whole policy toward Nicaragua, was no model of clarity. But North, according to one participant in his schemes, knew full well what he was doing. According to this source, North kept copies of the Boland amendment in his desk drawer, and once pulled one out and remarked cavalierly, "This is the law I'm violating, and I could go to jail."

The sale of arms to Iran might be regarded as a foreign policy aberration. The operation had only the most tangential connection with the Reagan Doctrine, even if one accepts the geopolitical justification of cultivating moderates in Iran to help swing a post-Khomeini government away from hostility to the U.S., and thus frustrate Soviet designs on a vital region. That justification was not much more than

to receive the funds.

Now, of course, North's network has come apart with a crash so resounding that it threatens to discredit the entire Reagan Doctrine. Despite the severe excesses committed in its name, the strategy of combatting Soviet expansionism is at least a debatable option for U.S. foreign policy. But any policy that is concealed from Congress and much of the Government always runs the risk of conferring enormous power on individuals who may abuse it or confuse it with their own reckless or overzealous imperatives. That is just what happened in the case of Lieut. Colonel Oliver North. He wound up disastrously damaging the very causes he worked so fervently to promote.

—By George J. Church.

Reported by Michael Duffy, Jay Peterzell and Barrett Seaman/Washington



Calendar Of a Cover-Up

When Oliver North is grilled this week, his inquirers will be particularly interested in his attempt to cover up the Administration's role in the 1985 sale of U.S. weapons to Iran before President Reagan signed a "finding" that authorized the operation. North helped arrange those sales and kept his superior, Vice Admiral John Poindexter, informed. Shortly after news of the Iran venture broke on Nov. 5, 1986, North, Poindexter and the CIA scrambled to hide the truth. Some of the key moves:

Monday, Nov. 17. The National Security Council gives the White House and Justice Department a fairly accurate chronology of the U.S. role in 1985 Israeli arms shipments to Iran. It cites the sale of Hawk missiles, which may have violated U.S. laws. Attorney General Edwin Meese learns from an aide about this Hawk transaction.

Thursday, Nov. 20. The NSC produces a different chronology, claiming that the Israelis shipped Hawks while telling U.S. officials they sent oil-drilling equipment. At a meeting, North contends that no U.S. officials knew of any Hawk shipment when it was made. CIA Director William Casey, Meese and Poindexter, who also attend the meeting, do not dispute North's version.

Friday, Nov. 21. Casey cites a possible oil-drilling-equipment sale in testimony to the House Intelligence Committee but fails to mention that Hawks were shipped.

Friday afternoon. Meese tells Poindexter to assemble NSC records on Iran sales for review on Saturday.

Early Friday evening. North and Secretary Fawn Hall alter documents showing an NSC role in military help for the *contras* and shred other papers.

Saturday morning, Nov. 22. A Meese aide finds a memo in North's

office about diverting Iranian arms profits to the *contras*.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23.

North meets with Meese and two aides. Confronted with the diversion memo, he claims that the only U.S. officials who knew of the diversion were Poindexter and former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane. North asks if the cover letter showing where the memo went was found. It was not.

Sunday night. North returns to his office and shreds more papers.

Tuesday noon, Nov. 25. Ronald Reagan fires North and accepts the resignation of Poindexter, while Meese reveals the diversion to the press. But the Attorney General claims that the U.S. had no role in the 1985 Israeli missile sales to Iran.

Tuesday afternoon. As the NSC begins to seal staff records, Fawn Hall sneaks documents out of North's office.

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SUZUKI



Together through good times and bad: Betsy North and her husband on a Sunday outing at their daughter's riding academy

True Belief Unhampered by Doubt

From small-town boy to shadow Secretary of State, Oliver North did not know when to stop



South Viet Nam, 1969. Somewhere below the 17th parallel. About midnight. It was called Operation Hot Tamale. Quietly but firmly, Second

Lieut. Oliver North roused his combat-weary men from their makeshift bunks. "We have to get ourselves a prisoner," he told them. Peace talks were going on in Paris, and the U.S. was claiming the North Vietnamese were operating unofficially inside the demilitarized zone. North's superiors wanted a prisoner for interrogation.

With blackened faces, North and his men crept through the dark, scarred landscape of the DMZ but could not find a single enemy soldier. North was determined to return home with the goods. Suddenly his team spied a North Vietnamese guard across the 17th parallel, inside North Viet Nam. North did not hesitate. He and a comrade stole across the border, wounded the guard and dragged him back into South Viet Nam. Mission accomplished. Keep mum about this, the lieutenant told his troops when they got back.

Boldness. Bravery. The desire to please superiors. The ability to inspire loyalty. Confidence unconstrained by doubt. True belief unhampered by questions. And a willingness to risk the entire game on a single, even reckless play.

Viet Nam shaped North in lasting ways, and the account of his nighttime assault on North Viet Nam reveals some of the same traits and patterns that have put this much decorated war hero at the heart of the Iran-*contra* affair. For North, the U.S. defeat abroad and the revulsion with the war at home were searing, bitter experiences. Never again would something like that happen—if he could help it. He was a man of action, frustrated by red tape, timid bureaucrats and waffling politicians. If you needed to get something done, do it yourself.

From his childhood days, North's sensibility was molded by patriotism and devoutness. From Viet Nam on, he saw himself as a soldier in the holy war against Communism. Yet somewhere along the line, this man whose earnest, blue-eyed features were the stuff of Marine recruiting posters went off track. He came to see every bureaucratic squabble as a battle between good and evil, and his passionate intensity began to melt his judgment. He was a man whose zealotry served his country better in war than in peace. As in Greek tragedy, the same characteristics that catapulted North to great heights sent him plunging to earth.

Much has been made about the enigma of North. But that is in large part

because this earnest, magnetic, often generous man has been his own best mythologizer, telling reporters and acquaintances stories about himself that bent the truth. Blissfully free of self-doubt, he could be a victim of self-delusion. At the National Security Council, he exaggerated his closeness to the President. In running the *contra* supply network and the arms-for-hostages swap, he seemed to shuttle between fantasy and reality, as he devised the most bizarre schemes to reach his goals. He spoke often of duty and what was right, yet he carelessly used money from the profits of the arms sales to pay food bills and buy snow tires. "He was always starring in his own movie," said former Presidential spokesman Larry Speakes. North was certain about his role in that melodrama: the hero who turned rhetoric into action.

Oliver Laurence North's childhood was a *Saturday Evening Post* cover come to life. The oldest of four children, he was born in 1943 in San Antonio, but raised in Philmont, N.Y., a hamlet in the rolling hills of the Hudson Valley, about 30 miles south of Albany. His parents, Ann and Oliver Clay North, moved to Philmont shortly after World War II to help in the family wool-combing mill. North's father had won a Silver Star as an Army colonel

in World War II, and he imbued his son with a fervent sense of patriotism. Family, God and country were the watchwords in the modest, yellow frame house on Maple Avenue.

Larry North—was known by his middle name to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, both Oliver—seemed the exemplar of the small-town American boy. Polite and good-natured, he could also be something of a daredevil, leaping off railroad bridges and exploring nearby caves. He was not much of a scholar; if he stood out in school, it was by virtue of diligence, not brilliance. He tried so hard, recalls one of his teachers, that "if he had an 89 average, you'd give him a 90."

North came by his religious faith early. His mother was a devout Catholic, and her son was an altar boy from about age six through his last year of high school. "He had the face of an angel," says Evelyn Ronsoni, North's fourth-grade catechism teacher. "You couldn't take your eyes off him." Although not a Catholic, North's father dutifully attended Mass with the family.

In high school, young Larry was not quite the he-man Marine in miniature. His extracurriculars were less than swash-buckling—science club, chess club, drama club, senior chorus, monitor squad. In sports, as in other things, what he lacked in natural talent he made up for in perseverance. Although his class numbered only 35, North was on neither the football squad nor the basketball team (he did sit

on the bench, though, as a basketball statistician). Instead, he took up a sport in which his determination could overcome his lack of natural skills: cross-country running. "He was a plugger," recalls Russell Robertson, North's coach. "His desire pushed his ability." Always the good soldier, North was willing to sacrifice individual glory for the sake of the team. "If we needed points and would get more by putting him on the relay team," says Robertson, "we could change him around. He was the type of kid who would say, 'Fine, wherever I can help the most.'"

As a senior, North was not voted "most likely to succeed," but "most courteous" and "nicest looking." He is remembered by some as being perpetually well-groomed, even fastidious, never going anywhere without a comb in his pocket. "When Larry walked into the room, you knew it," recalls Thomas Gibbons, his former English teacher. "He had an air of self-confidence."

After graduation in 1961, North attended the State University College at Brockport, majoring in English but dreaming about a military career. He enrolled in a campus Marine officers' train-



With Son Stuart, Betsy and Daughter Dornin, with broken leg

ing course and spent a summer at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina. When he returned, he was dead set on being a leatherneck, and a friend's father helped him to gain admission to Annapolis.

North's dream, however, suffered a nearly crippling collision. On Washington's Birthday weekend in 1964, North was driving home to New York with four friends. He was asleep in the back seat of the rented car they were traveling in when it plowed into an 18-wheel truck. The driver of the automobile was killed, and North suffered knee and back injuries so severe that his doctor initially thought he might

never walk again. After three months in the hospital, North returned to Philmont, missing the rest of his first year at the academy. His greatest fear was that his injuries would prevent him from winning a Marine commission. At home, he devised his own peculiar rehabili-

tation program: he made jump after jump off the six-foot-high roof of the family garage to strengthen his damaged legs. No pain, no gain.

When he returned to Annapolis in the fall, limping in his stiff knee brace, North felt he had no time to lose. He pushed himself to the limit, studying ferociously. There was no such thing as free time; he spent school vacations getting his paratrooper's wings and learning military survival tactics.

But the way this slight distance runner chose to make his name at Annapolis was brutally elemental: boxing. Though he lacked the natural tools to excel, he worked harder than anyone else. In his third year, North fought his way into the academy's middleweight championship. At 147 lbs., he was scheduled to meet James Webb, now Secretary of the Navy. Webb was the favorite, a polished puncher; North the under-

dog, all blood and guts. In front of 1,500 screaming midshipmen, North won the three-round fight in a close decision. "Ollie was a Friday-night fighter," recalls his coach, Emerson Smith. "One of those guys who looks like a bum in the gym, then performs like hell on Friday night." Some of Webb's supporters begrudged North the victory and did not like the way he had played to the crowd. But the win had a larger purpose for North. He showed the film of the fight to the review board to prove that despite his earlier injuries, he was fit for the Marines. They agreed.

After graduating in 1968, North skipped summer leave and cruised down to Basic School at Quantico, Va., in his new, fleck-metal green sports car, a Shelby Cobra. North stood out right away, recalls Fellow Officer Scott Matthews. "He was hot, extremely hot . . . He was a very action-oriented individual, eager to get on with it." While at Quantico, North mar-



MARKET—SAMUEL JOHNSON



A wooden fence surrounds the North homestead, while, inset, surveillance devices protect it. Like any suburban dad, North can be seen mowing the lawn on weekends.

Nation

ried Betsy Stuart in a traditional military ceremony, complete with an arch of crossed swords. He had met her on a blind date set up by his cousin when he was in his last year at Annapolis and she was working at Hecht's department store in suburban Maryland. At first, she refused to return his calls requesting a date, but his persistence—and a snapshot—won her over. Only days after their honeymoon in Puerto Rico, Larry, as his wife has always called him, left for Viet Nam.

North loved combat. He was in Viet Nam for eleven months, and won a Silver Star and a Bronze Star with a V for valor, the nation's third and fourth highest combat medals. He also earned two Purple Hearts. "He was all guns, guts and glory," says Machine Gunner Randy Herrod, now an Oklahoma private detective. Herrod, like others, was awed by him; though 6 ft. 4 in., Herrod did not realize until much later that he was taller than the 5-ft. 9-in. North.

North commanded a patrol platoon. He was "tough but fair," says Herrod, and always a stickler for safety regulations. He insisted, for example, that his men buckle their helmet chin straps, when most sol-

diers let them dangle free. In combat, North's first instinct was to attack, not hit the dirt. Ernest Tuten, who served under North for five months, says, "He had a philosophy that the best way to survive was to minimize your exposure to hostile fire, and the best way to do that was to assault the enemy."

North's Silver Star owes as much to determination as to bravery. He was leading his platoon near the demilitarized zone when the lead platoon came under heavy fire. North maneuvered his men through the lines and led an assault against the North Vietnamese, "calmly braving the intense fire of the tenacious hostile soldiers," as his citation puts it. After regrouping his men and directing the evacuation of the wounded, he renewed the attack three more times before driving the enemy from the field.

When North's tour of duty was over, he returned to Quantico to teach tactics. As an instructor, North was something of a hot dog: he wore camouflage to class, and once surprised his students by jumping on a desk and opening fire with an

M16 loaded with blanks. North justified his histrionics by saying that his men must be prepared for anything. "If you screw up, you die," he told them.

Even friends who admired North sometimes found his ambition hard to take. Rob Pfeiffer, who taught with North at Quantico, recalls basketball games in which North constantly fed the ball to the commanding officer. "Ollie passed to him because he was in to make rank," recalls Pfeiffer. "He was going to be a general, and being in Quantico wasn't quite close enough to Washington for him."

North briefly left Quantico in 1973 to supervise jungle training in Okinawa. Once again, he never let up, working long hours and seven-day weeks. His wife was not with him, and toward the end of his tour, the strain seemed to trigger a depression. He voluntarily checked himself into Bethesda Naval Hospital for mental exhaustion and stayed three weeks. North has never spoken of the experience, and it was subsequently expunged from his record. When he was released, he was pronounced "fit for duty." North was helped through this trying period in his marriage by the works of Dr. James Dobson, a Christian counselor whose films on marriage were required for all U.S. soldiers.

It was at a later posting, the Naval War College in Newport, R.I., that North caught the attention of Navy Secretary John Lehman, who was impressed by a paper the young major wrote about the uses of the modern battleship. Lehman recommended North to National Security Adviser Richard Allen, who hired him for the NSC's Defense Policy Staff.

North had arrived. Soon he was working on counterterrorism, then the *contras*. "Many NSC people took to their assignment passively," says one colleague. "North was aggressive from the start." The man of action turned into a fiend for paperwork and was often at his cluttered desk by 7 a.m. and still there after midnight. "I've seen a lot of workaholics in this town," said one associate, "and believe me, nobody outworked Ollie."

As ingratiating as he was industrious, North made many friends around the White House, especially among his superiors. William Clark, Allen's successor, took a shine to the intrepid Marine, and his replacement, Robert McFarlane, looked upon Ollie as another son, but one in need of supervision. Only Admiral John Poindexter seemed relatively immune to Ollie's charm, but North still almost always got his way with Poindexter. Among his male colleagues, North could swear like a dirtwater Marine, but when a woman entered the room, he cleaned up his speech. Says one woman at the White House: "With women, he did his Gary Cooper, aw shucks routine."

During 1984, after Congress cut off funds for the *contras*, North became obsessed with the men he referred to as freedom fighters. He kept a shoe box filled with pictures of *contra* leaders and talked about



Clockwise from top: Main Street, Philmont, N.Y.; midshipman at Annapolis; the angel-faced altar boy; running for the high school track team





Second Lieutenant North, third from left, takes a break with other Marines during a 1969 mission near Cam Lo village in South Viet Nam. The war shaped him in lasting ways: never again would America suffer such a humiliating defeat—if he could help it.

how he did not want to lose Nicaragua the way he saw the U.S. lose Viet Nam. North had been in the NSC longer than many of his superiors, and he began to believe in his own indispensability. "Being in the White House is heady," says a colleague. "You start carrying the cross by yourself, and if you don't do it, democracy falls."

Sometimes North would work 24 hours at a time, and it seemed to affect his judgment. "When Ollie didn't sleep at night, he'd come up with even crazier ideas," says a colleague. "During the TWA hijacking in 1985, he called me in the middle of the night with some absolutely foolish idea. I told him, 'What you suggested is the most ridiculous idea I ever heard. Go home and get some sleep!'"

Poindexter thought North was too emotionally involved with the *contras* and tried to get him transferred to the Naval War College. In mid-1986, McFarlane, in a computer message to Poindexter, proposed that "in Ollie's interest I would get him transferred or sent to Bethesda for disability review board."

"Ollie was always on the edge and wound enormously tight all the time," said a former colleague. In June of last year, in a memo to Poindexter about the *contras*, North actually seemed lost, demoralized. "What we most need is to get the CIA re-engaged in this effort so that it can be better managed than it now is by one slightly confused Marine Lieut. Colonel. . . . At this point I'm not sure who on our side knows what. Help." Yet North seemed aware of the consequences of his actions. "He said it often enough and to everybody around him," says a colleague, "that if anybody was going to be a fall guy,

Ollie North was going to be the one."

Since he was fired in November, North has divided his time between his two-acre farmstead in rural Virginia and his lawyer's downtown Washington offices, with perfunctory appearances at Marine headquarters at the Pentagon, where he has a desk in the Office of Manpower and Policy Planning. For once, North is not working overtime. He has ten months to go before reaching the 20-year Marine retirement plateau.

Although North has kept a low profile over the past few months, he has not been a hermit. He held a get-together last Christmas for neighbors and friends. In March he attended a farewell party for a Japanese journalist and his wife with whom the Norths had become friends after selling them a puppy. He seems to be relishing the time at home with his three children and Max, the family's Labrador retriever. Like any suburban dad on a weekend, he can be seen cutting the grass and barbecuing in the backyard. During the day his wife Betsy keeps the kitchen television tuned to the Iran-*contra* hearings.

Since he reportedly received several death threats this year, North has been protected around the clock by Navy guards. Two guards, sometimes three, escort him on his weekly visit to the barber. They were in tow when North went to his daughter's high school graduation last month. North sat in the back of the hall, causing something of a stir. Afterward, many of the parents offered him best wishes and asked him to pose for pictures.

At the moment North seems to be de-

pending on prayer as much as legal advice. "His faith in the Lord is his backbone right now," says his sister Patricia, who lives in California. Though he still considers himself a Roman Catholic, North now attends the Church of the Apostles, an Episcopal congregation in Fairfax, Va., known for such charismatic practices as faith healing and speaking in tongues. North has told his fellow churchgoers about how, at Camp Lejeune in 1978, he suffered a sudden bout of back pain. An officer knelt before him, laid on his hands and "healed" him.

North started visiting the Church of the Apostles after his eldest daughter Tait, 18, went there and then persuaded her family to join her. The congregation regularly offers prayers for North, and several members meet at North's home every Thursday night for a prayer session. "His faith is very evident," says Friend and Neighbor Betsy Smith. "It explains the peace that he has."

The rest of the family, however, is not always able to achieve such equanimity. North recently confided to a friend that Tait is bitter about how her father is being treated and at one point angrily criticized the U.S. for dealing with him so unfairly. Her father quickly rebuked her, saying that "if this was some other country and your father fell out of favor with the powers that be, he could go out for cigarettes one day and never come back." A touching story, but Tait's father does not do himself justice. Oliver North, as all know, did far more than merely fall out of favor with the powers that be.

—By Richard Stengel.
Reported by Jeanne McDowell/New York and
Alessandra Stanley/Washington

The Marine's Private Army

Former spooks and oddball operatives made up North's band



As Oliver North rushed about hatching schemes to free American hostages and topple Marxist regimes, the hyperkinetic lieutenant colonel increasingly came to depend on the help of a network of private companies founded and staffed by former military and intelligence agency officers. "As his power started to grow," says Neil Livingstone, a colleague of North's and an expert on counterterrorism, "North's biggest problem was where to get people and staff of his own." Turning away from regular Government channels, North reached into the shadowy world of former spooks and odd-

ball of the Viet Nam era. Reacting both to the end of the war and to congressional investigations of covert activities, Jimmy Carter's CIA director Stansfield Turner purged nearly 800 people from the agency. Some of them turned up in the Beltway firms. "One result of the purge was that many of the former agents set up private companies that began working for the agency and the Defense Department as independent contractors," says a former high-level intelligence official.

A number of recently retired CIA and Pentagon officials, having been through the wars together in Southeast Asia, formed a kind of old-boys network. Theo-

TIME last week. "I have had nothing to do with North." Nonetheless, North's projects freely used private operators. Secord, for example, retained the services of American National Management Corp. to fly supplies to the *contras* in Nicaragua. That company was founded and run by Colonel Richard Gadd, a retired Air Force cargo-plane pilot who was a longtime associate of Secord's. Gadd had also worked for the U.S. Army Special Operations Forces, which hired him in 1983 to transport helicopter pilots to Barbados prior to the invasion of Grenada.

The Grenada invasion was the occasion for North's involvement with a particularly amateurish group of private agents. Senate investigators have learned that North used a Macy's department store maintenance engineer named Kevin Kattke in covert operations in Grenada.

Kattke, 38, a self-described anti-Communist and American patriot, had befriended a band of Grenadian exiles plotting to overthrow the leftist regime of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. Seeking help in planning a coup, Kattke called on retired Army Colonel George Morton, an employee of the Vinnell Corp. in Washington, which for years has supplied military special training to Saudi Arabia. According to Kattke, Morton turned him over to Gadd, who was then working for Vinnell. But Kattke's coup plans were aborted when the Prime Minister was killed by his rivals in the government. When North began planning his own operation to support a possible U.S. invasion to oust Bishop's successors, he turned to Kattke's group for help.

Before the Oct. 25, 1983, invasion, North ordered Kattke to organize a public protest in New York City demanding the removal of the hard-line Marxist government in Grenada. North also asked Kattke to have his Grenadian contacts instigate riots on the island as a diversion. Kattke tried, also at North's request, to obtain the names of the 650 American students at St. George's University School

of Medicine in Grenada, which had its home offices on Long Island. The safety of the students was one of the ostensible reasons for the U.S. intervention.

Kattke has told Senate investigators that he failed in all three tasks North had given him, but he did provide useful intelligence about conditions on the island. After the invasion, North sent Kattke to Grenada as his personal emissary. When plans to use a Coast Guard boat's secure radio to contact North fell through, Kattke persuaded State Department officials on the island to send his messages to North in cipher on protected lines.

Nor is Kattke through with the world of international diplomacy. His latest project: a plan to unify factions in Iran.

—By John F. Stacks, Reported by Jonathan Beatty and Jay Peterzell/Washington



Mission accomplished: U.S. troops in Grenada, 1983, and Coup Planner Kattke. The Macy's maintenance engineer is now working on Iran.



ball operatives who were pressed into service as the cause demanded.

The most prominent of Ollie's operatives was Richard Secord, the retired Air Force major general who had helped to create several private companies, including Lake Resources Inc., a Panamanian shell corporation with a Swiss bank account. Through Secord's companies, North was able to move Iranian arms money, buy planes, charter ships and perform myriad tasks that seemed beyond the abilities of the Government bureaucracies. Says Livingstone: "Ollie was in a white rage all the time over the help the CIA gave him." In a computer note to National Security Adviser John Poindexter, North wondered, "Why Dick can do something in five minutes that the CIA cannot do in two days is beyond me—but he does."

Secord's outfit, Stanford Technologies Trading Group International, was only one of many such firms that have grown up around the Washington Beltway in the past decade, most of them staffed with veterans of the huge CIA covert operations

dore Shackley, who knew Secord in Laos and had been the CIA's station chief in Saigon, worked from 1981 to 1983 as a consultant for Secord's business partner Albert Hakim. Shackley had been a candidate to become head of covert operations before his career was sidetracked by Turner. Another former Shackley associate at the CIA, Thomas Clines, helped Secord establish logistics for North's operation to supply the Nicaraguan *contras*.

Shackley was also used as a conduit by Iranian Middleman Manucher Ghorbanifar in 1984, when the Iranian first proposed swapping money for the release of the American hostages in Lebanon. Shackley dutifully reported the offer to the State Department, where it languished. But from that initiative grew the arms-for-hostages deal that North ran.

But Shackley denies any wrongdoing in the Iran-*contra* affair. "I have had nothing to do with what Secord has chosen to call 'the enterprise,'" Shackley told

American Notes



Drugs: Soviet visitors near the park



Liquor: patrons at a Kansas restaurant celebrate happy hour



AIDS: Markowski

DRUGS

Just Say Nyet

Bryant Park, behind the New York City Public Library, is meant to be an oasis in a concrete desert, but it often seems more like a drug bazaar. Four Soviet health officials, in the U.S. to study treatment of alcoholism and drug addiction, discovered just how brazen the local merchants could be when their American guide took them to visit the park.

Dealers offered them marijuana, heroin and crack; one peddler, mistaking a Soviet cigarette for something more potent, offered to buy up all the visitor could deliver. Astonished that much of the illegal enterprise was conducted while policemen stood nearby, Dr. Andrei Vrublevsky said selling drugs on the street "would be impossible in our country. If a dealer did do that, he would be taken in to the police, with the help of citizens."

LIQUOR

Drinks All Around

Kansas, the first state to go dry (in 1881), the state that made Carry Nation's saloon-shattering hatchet famous, last week became the 48th to go wet. Utah and West Virginia still limit the sale of alcohol to pri-

vate clubs. But in 36 out of 105 Kansas counties, it is now party time. Exulted Stewart Williams, manager of a Wichita bar: "Kansas has finally come into the 20th century."

Wyoming, meanwhile, remained the country's last hold-out against raising the drinking age when the legislature refused for the third time to increase the minimum from 19 to 21. Wyoming will forfeit more than \$11 million in federal highway funds over the next year. But, explains Wyoming Historian T.S. Larson, "it is a tradition that we are a hard-drinking lot, and we don't like people to interfere with that."

RUMORS

Speak No Evil

Gary Hart's Washington weekend with Miami Model Donna Rice sparked rumors about the sex lives of other politicians, but none have appeared quite as annoyed by the innuendos as Vice President George Bush. For weeks there were whispers in Washington that various news organizations were preparing stories on the Republican presidential contender's supposed romantic affairs. Finally the scurrilous gossip broke into print two weeks ago. Bush lieutenants accused the aides of Senate Minority Leader (and rival Republican White House hopeful) Bob Dole of spreading the

rumors; Dole's people in turn charged Bush's staffers with sowing stories about how they had slung the mud. As the rumors about rumors escalated, Bush and Dole agreed in Washington last week to order a return to dignity. According to Bush Aide Lee Atwater, the candidates have decided "to keep the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shall not speak ill of a fellow Republican."

FLORIDA

Trauma Time For Doctors

On the eve of a 42.7% hike imposed by the state's largest insurance carrier, doctors in South Florida declared last Wednesday "Disaster Day." Nearly 80% of Broward County's 600 specialists, including neurologists, obstetricians and orthopedic surgeons, resigned from emergency-room duties. Twelve of the county's 16 hospitals now refuse to accept trauma patients with head and spinal-cord injuries.

Faced with a flood of malpractice cases and notably generous juries, South Florida doctors are afflicted with the highest insurance costs in the country. A Dade County neurosurgeon, for example, might now have to shell out up to \$220,000. "Our doctors are paying close to 40% of their gross income for insurance," says Dr. Richard Glatzer, president of the Dade County Med-

ical Association. Governor Bob Martinez has pledged a special session of the state legislature to address the issue, but the prescription promises to be far more complicated than two aspirins.

AIDS

Anatomy of a Murder Charge

"Kill me! Kill me! I have AIDS!" yelled Joseph Markowski, a drifter and prostitute, as he tried to grab a Los Angeles bank guard's gun. Detained for a 72-hour mental-health observation, he was released prematurely by county health officials the following day. Meanwhile the police were investigating a disturbing item found in his clothes: a receipt for \$9 from a Los Angeles plasma center.

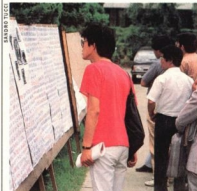
The next day, when Markowski returned to the center to sell more blood, he was arrested and charged with attempted murder. Los Angeles County District Attorney Ira Reiner calls Markowski's actions "the moral equivalent of the person who put poison in Tylenol." Reiner admits it will be difficult to prove Markowski intended to kill, but claims that the defendant's statements prove he acted "maliciously." "I know that AIDS can kill," Reiner quoted Markowski as saying, "but I was so hard up for money that I didn't give a damn."

World

SOUTH KOREA

Suddenly, A New Day

Roh Tae Woo's daring offer calms a crisis



The speaker at an executive council meeting of South Korea's ruling Democratic Justice Party had labored over his speech at home all weekend. He dictated the final version to his secretary, who drafted a single handwritten copy. So when Party Chairman Roh Tae Woo got up to speak last week and pulled that piece of paper from his suit-jacket pocket, virtually no one in the crowded room was aware that history was about to be made.

In the 39 years of often fractious political life since South Korea became a republic, there had never been a policy reversal so sweeping and so totally unexpected. Roh announced he had decided to support the direct election of South Korea's next President, thereby acceding in a single stroke to the principal demand of thousands of protesters who had turned cities throughout the country into scenes of nightly combat during the three previous weeks. What is more, said Roh, he would recommend that President Chun Doo Hwan agree to a list of other democratic reforms, including freedom of the press, the release of political prisoners and self-government for universities. Said one incredulous leader of the Democratic Justice Party: "I thought he was reading the opposition's platform."

Roh's bombshell caught nearly everyone by surprise. The government-controlled television network, which was broadcasting a cooking show at the time, hastily cut away to air the last part of the 22-minute speech. Journalists who called Chun's office seeking reaction found they had to fill in the presidential press secretary about what had just happened before the spokesman could respond. Newspapers rushed extra editions into print.

In a television address two days later, Chun endorsed the reforms, virtually guaranteeing National Assembly approval of those that require it. "Our politics must now cast aside its old shabby ways, which are incongruous with our level of

economic development, and thus achieve an advanced form of democracy that we can proudly show to the world," said Chun. "The general public has an ardent desire to choose the President directly."

Reaction to Chun's about-face ranged from unreserved jubilation to dark skepticism. "This is the year of the political miracle," said Kim Young Sam, leader of the Reunification Democratic Party, the principal opposition group. "I think he has given us all that we wanted." The other major opposition leader, Kim Dae Jung, was more reserved. Having spent most of the past seven years in prison, under house arrest or in exile, Kim would go no further than to declare that "people's power has brought this about." Park Chan Jong, chairman of the main opposition party's policy committee, was more dubious still. Said he: "Many things cannot be seen by the eyes and are very difficult to change by law."

Yet most South Koreans seemed inclined to view the reform package as a good-faith offer. "We have finished the first struggle," said one student leader. "Now let's see how it turns out." For the first time in more than three weeks, riot police disappeared from the streets, and cities were generally quiet.

In Washington, both the Administration and legislators expressed relief over the break in South Korea's political crisis. With its close and long-standing ties to the Seoul government, the U.S. had been deeply concerned it would be blamed for any excessive force used in quelling the demonstrations. While U.S. officials insisted they had not played any part in drafting the measures offered by Roh, they nonetheless lost no time in congratulating him. Said Gaston Sigur, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, who visited Seoul in the midst of the crisis: "Many Americans have looked forward to just such an opening as has now taken place."

By far the most intriguing question



■ The surprise gesture restored the political rights of Kim Dae Jung, left, while making Kim Young Sam a front runner in this year's presidential election. The move also gave them plenty to talk about at a lunch in Seoul

was precisely how such an "opening" was engineered by two men who had previously ruled it out. On April 13, Chun had abruptly decreed an end to debate on constitutional reform until after next year's Summer Olympics in Seoul. That move was effusively endorsed by Roh, a classmate of Chun's at South Korea's military academy and a fellow ex-army general. Paying tribute to Chun's "keen perception of history," Roh on June 10 was formally chosen as the Democratic Justice Party's candidate for President in a national election set for later this year. It was Roh's nomination ceremony, which many South Koreans viewed as an arrogant attempt to push a Chun crony into the presidency, that touched off the largest protests.

Chun put Roh in charge of finding a political solution to the crisis, an assignment that few took seriously in a system dominated by presidential authority. Kim Young Sam, for example, insisted on meeting with Chun and pointedly refused to deal with his designated successor. But

Roh began holding talks with lower-ranking members of the opposition, as well as a wide range of other South Koreans. Roh says he did not convey his momentous conclusion to Chun before going public with it on Monday. Longtime observers of the South Korean political scene, however, find that contention hard to believe. Says a Western diplomat in Seoul: "In an Asian culture such as this, it is unthinkable that he would take such a step without consulting the President."

It is possible, of course, that the thinking of the two old friends evolved along similar lines, and that nothing specific needed to be said. Both were acutely aware that a long siege of unrest in South Korea could force the International Olympic Committee to schedule the Games elsewhere, damaging for years to come the image of a mature and stable nation that they hoped to project in the Olympic spotlight. Both men also realized that their options to deal with the protests

were severely limited by Washington's insistence that military force not be used.

The joint-realization theory is supported by a ruling party Assembly member who is a close friend of Roh's. "The two can read each other's minds," he says. "They are that close. Both realized the urgency of the situation." The State Department's Sigur reported finding an emerging consensus. Sigur recounted last week that during his visit, "I had the sense from everyone, including the President, that changes had to come." In any case, Roh was evidently confident enough to close his speech by vowing that if Chun did not accept his recommendations, he would resign from all his political positions.

The easiest part of Roh's reform package to put into effect is also the one that caused the most contention: direct election of the President. All sides agree that South Korea's electoral college, which under current law makes the final selection of a chief executive, will be abolished and replaced with a simple major-



■ Already the candidate of the Democratic Justice Party, Roh relaxed in his garden with the knowledge that his proposal may have improved his standing at the polls. But his military connections are still a problem

World

ity-vote system. A constitutional amendment providing for such measures is expected to win easy approval in the Assembly and in a nationwide referendum, which will likely be held in October.

More problematic will be the drafting of electoral reforms, which Roh said were necessary "so that freedom of candidacy and fair competition are guaranteed." The legislation will be aimed not so much at blatant electoral frauds like ballot-box stuffing, which is relatively rare in South Korea, as at more sophisticated abuses associated with the ruling party. These include patronage in the appointment of local officials and domination of the state-owned television network. Opposition leaders predict that the ruling party will resist agreeing to more than token bills aimed at banning such practices. Roh's promises notwithstanding, and that these

measures will be the nub of the political debate in the months to come. Says Lee Chul, a former student leader and protest veteran: "Old habits die hard."

One of the most popular of Roh's proposed reforms is freedom of the press. At present, newspapers and journalists are licensed by the government, leading to a rigorous system of self-censorship. The informal "guidelines" about what can be published are so embarrassing to the government that last December it prosecuted three journalists who published a partial listing of them (example: photographs of opposition leaders are prohibited). Roh proposed abolishing the license requirement and doing away with most of the guidelines.

Nothing in Roh's speech raised more questions than the political rehabilitation

of Kim Dae Jung, the grand old man of the opposition. Indeed, Kim's status may be one of the few points of contention between Roh and Chun. Roh went out of his way to declare "I do not have any personal animosity toward Kim Dae Jung." By contrast, the President, who is known to share an abiding hatred of Kim with many others in the South Korean establishment, failed to mention his name.

Chun's snub was not the only dilemma facing Kim Dae Jung. As a presidential candidate in 1971, Kim collected 46% of the vote, and remains a formidable political force. But last year, at the request of Seoul's Roman Catholic Archbishop Stephen Cardinal Kim Sou Hwan, the devoutly Catholic Kim sought to break the constitutional debate by promising not to take part in this year's elections, even if his political rights were restored. Going

"It Was a Very Lonely Decision"



The ruling party chairman at home in the capital

Roh Tae Woo paused last week to talk with TIME's Tokyo bureau chief Barry Hillenbrand and correspondent S. Chang. At his party's headquarters, Roh sipped ginseng tea between questions and spoke in a quiet, steady voice. Excerpts:

On his decision. Seeing all those demonstrations, the discontent and anger, I tried to look for the answer to the situation. I met with many leaders from many walks of life and listened patiently to what they said. I also met with young students and had a chance to talk with my family. After hearing all those opinions, I came to the conclusion that although the parliamentary cabinet system is a good democratic system—and maybe the ideal for the future—an immediate answer should be given to the demand of the people, which is, "Let us choose our own leader by our own vote."

On President Chun's role. There was no consultation with the President before I made this decision. But when I was considering this proposal, I had a firm belief that President Chun Doo Hwan would respond positively to my proposal. However, this process of decision was a very lonely one.

On a schedule for change. It is not necessary to wait until the election for these other reforms. Already President Chun has instructed his Cabinet to find a way of implementing my

eight-point democratization proposal. The timetable for elections and the revision of the constitution should be resolved through negotiation with the opposition.

On the opposition. Because my proposal reflected the ruling party's desire for democracy, and because of our sincerity in making this announcement, I think that the opposition will come to the negotiating table. I think the opposition is quite happy with our proposal, and if they are happy, I am happy.

On Kim Dae Jung. In my view the unhappy past should be forgotten, and the memories of it should be eradicated. When I made my proposal for democratic development, I did it in the belief that by doing so all Korean people could find harmony in these principles. I do not have any personal feeling of animosity toward Kim or anyone, and I would like to have him be part of this reconciliation.

On American influence. Because the U.S. is our closest ally and because American officials do not want any instability in Korea, they have emphasized the importance of sticking to democratic principles. But I think U.S. officials remained within the proper limits. They understand that the decision has to be made by the Korean people, and interfering with our own problems is not their business.

On his presidential candidacy. I am not considering which side will win in the election. What I have on my mind is how the Democratic Justice Party and I can realize democratic development. If that can be achieved, I will be satisfied. Who will turn out to be President, I really don't care.

On economic policy. The basic structure of economic policy should continue. However, certain emphasis has to be made as to the fair distribution of wealth. High income should not be limited to one group. It should be shared by all people.

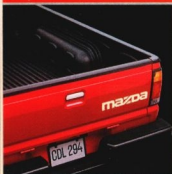
On his children. My daughter [a graduate student at the University of Chicago] is the absolute, unconditional supporter of her father. My son [a senior at Seoul National University] is different. He is very critical at times and has his own views and ideas. When I talk with him, I sense some generation gap. But after my announcement last week, for the first time he said to me, "Father, I respect you."

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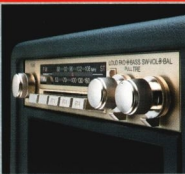
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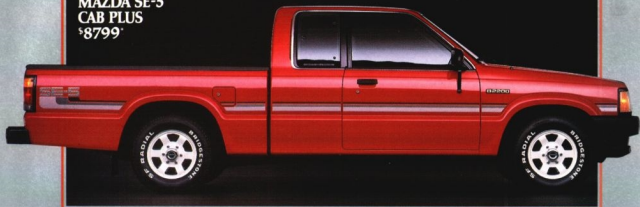
In a 1987 survey of compact truck owners,** Mazda trucks were again rated higher in terms of overall customer satisfaction than any competitive truck—foreign or domestic. Conducted by J.D. Power & Associates, one of the nation's leading automotive research firms, the survey covered a wide variety of topics related to first-year ownership and service experiences. The result? An outstanding report card for Mazda. Owners gave their Mazdas the highest

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TOYOTA	2 nd
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mazda

World

back on such a promise would be personally and politically painful, but some politicians predict that Kim, 63, will find it difficult to pass up the chance, perhaps his last, to try for the presidency. Says one: "To eliminate that yearning from him is to ask him to drop dead."

Roh and Kim Young Sam, on the other hand, were already behaving as if the campaign were under way and they were its front runners. On the day of his speech, Roh journeyed to a national cemetery on the outskirts of Seoul and burned incense in honor of South Korea's war dead. Then he visited a military hospital at which riot police injured in the demonstrations are recovering, and a second hospital, where he commiserated with the father of a student lying in a coma as the result of an injury suffered in the protests. For his part, Kim visited two prisons to assure political

detainees that, under new government decrees, they will be freed. On Thursday, Roh and Kim held their first official meeting, discussing preparations for constitutional negotiations.

Kim Young Sam may enjoy an overall advantage at the beginning of the campaign, if only because he is seen by many South Koreans as the only alternative to an unhappy status quo. But he is widely distrusted by leaders of the student movement, as are most politicians, and has been criticized in the past as being pompous. Kim's biggest potential problem is a split in the opposition forces, which are riddled with internal disagreements. Such disunity could allow Roh to win office with a plurality but not a majority.

With his dramatic announcement last

week, Roh has become "the man of the hour" in South Korea, as one government official put it. But he also faces some problems. For one thing, the ex-general will be leading a party that has become widely unpopular for its close association with the military. For another, he is still identified as one of the commanders who ordered the military to quell the 1980 uprising in Kwangju that resulted in at least 180 deaths. For all this, however, Roh seems convinced that his best chance is to run as the man who put aside partisanship and found a way out of a national political crisis. "He never would have announced this thing unless he thought he had a chance under it," says a Western diplomat. Because of Roh or Chun or both, South Korea suddenly has a chance as well.

—By William R. Doerner. Reported by S. Chang and Barry Hillenbrand/Seoul

"Tomorrow Will Be Different"

Given the breathless turn of events, Opposition Leader Kim Young Sam was understandably ebullient last week when he talked with TIME's Hillenbrand and Chang. Excerpts:

On future reforms. I firmly believe we will have direct presidential elections, and this announcement by Roh Tae Woo is the acceptance of an idea that people wanted for so long. It was also something that I have advocated for so long. In fact, when I met with the President on June 24, I insisted we should have a joint declaration on democracy. He did not accept my proposal, but when I left him, I had a feeling that he was already about to change his mind. According to my sources, President Chun Doo Hwan and his people were considering either martial law or accepting the people's demand for democracy.

On American influence. The most significant factor in this change was people's power. At the same time, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Gaston Sigur's warning against military intervention did have some influence. I think the U.S. policy on that issue was very proper and timely.

On opposition politics. I strongly believe we will not have a split in our party as we have had in the past. In a speech yesterday, with Kim Dae Jung standing by my side, I made four promises: to avoid letting the ruling party split us, never to compete against each other for votes, to struggle not only for democratization but for a united front after that and, finally, never to repeat the folly of 1980 [when the two Kims led opposing factions for the presidency].

On a timetable for democratization. The first task is for the government to release all political prisoners and restore all political rights, including those of Kim Dae Jung. Also, the government should stop hunting down political fugitives. Then we have to sit down with the ruling party and work out the constitutional change. The constitution has to be finished some time in September, with the presidential election law and the National Assembly election law finished in early October. The presidential election should take place in late October or early November, before the weather gets too cold.

On fair elections. A dishonest election will not be possible this time. About 42 million people will watch closely to ensure honesty.



The opposition leader at a press conference in Seoul

On the opposition's election prospects. I told Roh that he should be prepared to become the opposition, and he said he realized that that was a possibility when he made his proposals. In a direct presidential election, the people will show they are unwilling to accept a military man as President. People know that Roh is the successor of the military rule of Chun Doo Hwan.

On economic reform. I am not going to make any fundamental change of the economic system we have. But I know the current government has been supported primarily by the large corporations. In my economic policy, I am going to concentrate on building up small and medium industries. It's very unfortunate that the government has had such tight control over every sector of industry. I am going to have an economy in which we have freedom of competition. We will go from a dictatorial economy to a free economy.

On the future. Things are changing so rapidly here. Today is different from yesterday, and tomorrow will be different again. People know they have a united power and a self-confidence that will guarantee us an honest and democratic future. You can't tie and trick people anymore. If you do that, people will revolt.

World

MIDDLE EAST

Welcoming Back the Bear

Exploiting U.S. woes, Soviet diplomacy is again on the march

It used to be said in the Middle East, "When you want to make war, go to the Soviets. When you want to make peace, go to the U.S." Today, however, like so many other things in the region, that old saying is being turned on its head. From North Africa to the Persian Gulf, Soviet diplomacy, reflecting the more sophisticated policies of Mikhail Gorbachev, is back in business.

In a period when U.S. foreign policy has been damaged by failures in Lebanon and disclosures about secret arms sales to Iran, the Soviets have adopted flexible and imaginative new strategies, and the results are already perceptible. Typical of the changing scene are some recent comments by Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, whose country has received nearly \$20 billion in U.S. aid since 1975. When asked by a Saudi magazine about Egypt's relations with the U.S., Mubarak described them as "normal." But when asked about his country's relations with the Soviet Union, which had been practically nonexistent in the 1970s and early 1980s, Mubarak replied, "They are very good."

As it happens, the Egyptian President

is miffed because Washington has resisted relaxing the terms of \$4.6 billion of old military loans on which hard-pressed Egypt is paying interest rates as high as 14%. Moscow, on the other hand, has quickly managed to exploit the issue by giving Egypt an additional 25 years in which to pay off \$3 billion in Soviet military credits.

In truth, Egypt probably was not planning to repay the old Soviet loan anyway. But the maneuver was typical of Moscow's new posture. Says William Quandt of the Brookings Institution, who served on the National Security Council under President Jimmy Carter: "There is clearly a new style and a greater degree of energy in the Soviet attitude toward the Middle East." This is characterized, says Quandt, by a "new, experimental attitude" in which the Soviets are making "simultaneous approaches to the Palestine Liberation Organization, to Syria, Egypt, Israel and in the Gulf."

Last fall, for instance, Moscow arranged several meetings of the P.L.O.'s main factions, leading directly to a reconciliation in April between P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat's Fatah organization

and two Damascus-based hard-line groups. The result was a more unified and radicalized P.L.O. in which the influence of two pro-Western countries, Egypt and Jordan, was diminished.

At the same time, the Soviet Union has been urging one of its closest allies in the region, Syrian President Hafez Assad, to show some signs of moderation in order to increase his influence with his neighbors. In April, not long after his return from a trip to Moscow, Assad went to Jordan for a secret meeting with his long-time enemy, Iraq's President Saddam Hussein. Except for Libya, Syria is the only Arab state that backs non-Arab Iran in its seven-year war with Arab Iraq. Assad is believed unlikely to be ready to change sides in the Gulf war, in part because of the oil concessions he gets from Iran. Nonetheless, the meeting raised hopes that he may be interested in improving ties with such moderate states as Jordan and Kuwait.

Nowhere has the change in diplomatic climate been more pronounced than in Egypt, where the late President Anwar Sadat expelled some 20,000 Soviet military advisers in 1972. Moscow's influence in the region had been waning ever since it broke relations with Israel during the Six-Day War in 1967, but the mass expulsions from Egypt five years later were a far more dramatic confirmation of the Soviet decline. Mubarak, Sadat's successor, restored relations with Moscow in 1984, and since then the Soviets have been working hard to regain lost ground. In March they signed a five-year, \$600 million trade agreement with Cairo, making Egypt the Soviet Union's second largest African trading partner (after Libya). Egyptian officials are quick to emphasize that none of this affects the closeness of their relations with the U.S., pointing out that the Reagan Administration last week agreed to allow Egypt to manufacture the top-of-the-line American battle tank, the M1 Abrams, under license.

Even in Israel, the Soviet diplomatic offensive is being felt directly. This month a ten-member Soviet delegation will arrive to discuss the disposition of Russian Orthodox Church property in Israel. The subject may be a routine one, but the Soviet delegation will be the first to visit Israel since 1967. Moreover, Gorbachev recently remarked that the absence of Soviet diplomatic relations with Israel "cannot be considered normal." Moscow has also hinted that it might allow a further increase in Soviet Jewish emigration, currently running at five times last year's modest level.

Perhaps most significantly, some Israeli leaders now regard the Soviet Union as an inevitable if limited partner in any peace conference that might be convened on the Middle East. Though it originally opposed such a conference, the U.S. is now more amenable to the



ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP MICHAEL C. WHITE

idea, provided that the negotiating rights of Israel and other participants would be protected.

In the gulf, Soviet influence is clearly in the ascendant. Even though it was already Iraq's leading arms supplier, Moscow signed an economic agreement with Iran last December covering banking, transport and trade, including Soviet help in building dams and a steel mill. Earlier this year Moscow quietly agreed to lease three Soviet tankers to Kuwait, whose own ships have been exceedingly vulnerable to Iranian attack.

That gesture proved to be a brilliant propaganda stroke. When Kuwait asked the U.S. for assistance, Washington at first showed little interest. The U.S. plan to "reflag" eleven Kuwaiti ships was not announced until after the Soviet action became known, thereby leaving the impression that the U.S. was more worried about superpower rivalry than about helping a friend in distress. Acknowledges a senior U.S. official: "We were not prepared to allow the Soviets to have a foothold in the gulf, by means of which, in the future, the Soviet Union could hold hostage the free flow of oil."

The Soviet diplomatic offensive has also led to a U.S. effort to improve ties with Syria. During the past year, Washington has treated the Damascus regime as something of a pariah because of Syria's support of international terrorism. Now, however, the Administration professes to be encouraged by Assad's efforts to shed that reputation. Following a letter to Assad from President Reagan last month, the White House announced it will soon send an envoy to Damascus to explore ways of improving relations.

In the meantime, Vernon Walters, the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, flew to Moscow to discuss ways of ending the gulf war. At week's end, Moscow called for the withdrawal of all foreign warships from the gulf and criticized the U.S. military buildup. This week the Soviet-American dialogue will continue when Richard Durbuy, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State who specializes in Middle Eastern affairs, holds talks in Geneva with his Soviet counterpart, Vladimir Polyakov.

Though they differ on many matters concerning the Middle East, the U.S. and the Soviet Union agree on some things. Among them: the need to prevent a radical change in the regional balance of power that would follow an Iranian victory over Iraq, and the need to prevent a war between Syria and Israel. Both fear that such a war could spin out of control, engulfing not only the protagonists but also their superpower protectors. If the Soviets are able to persuade the world community that its presence in the region can help forestall that calamity, the U.S. will have difficulty chasing the Russian Bear away.

—By William E. Smith.
Reported by David S. Jackson/Cairo and
Johanna McGoary/Jerusalem

SOVIET UNION

Not Just Another Pretty Face

Gorbachev's p.r. man moves toward the No. 2 job

As the 1,500-member Supreme Soviet, the country's largely ceremonial parliament, met last week to endorse the sweeping economic and political reforms approved a few days earlier by the Communist Party Central Committee, Moscow's intelligentsia was buoyant over another Mikhail Gorbachev initiative: a Marxist propaganda specialist, who has been known to make virulent attacks on the U.S., was promoted to the ruling Politburo. Normally that would cause groans among the intellectual elite; not cheers.



New Politburo Member Alexander Yakovlev
An apparatchik is the architect of glasnost.

But this propagandist is Alexander Yakovlev, and his promotion during the Central Committee meeting to full membership in the Politburo is being widely interpreted as a victory for liberalization. Yakovlev, 63, is regarded as the architect of *glasnost* (openness) and a leading champion of greater artistic and literary freedom.

Yakovlev's elevation positions him to compete with Yegor Ligachev, 66, chief ideologist, for the post of No. 2 man in the party. "It will now be more difficult for Ligachev's office to interfere in the decisions of editors," said a Moscow journalist. Many intellectuals and Western diplomats believe Yakovlev may already have edged out Ligachev to become the party's unofficial "second secretary," a position of great power that is usually held by the chief ideologist.

A jowly, beetle-browed apparatchik, Yakovlev hardly seems the type to blos-

som amid the flash and dynamism of the Gorbachev era. Officials in agitprop (agitation and propaganda), his longtime career, rarely end up in top Kremlin jobs. Trained as a teacher, Yakovlev became a professional party worker following combat duty in World War II. After becoming acting head of the party's propaganda department in 1973, he was on the losing side of an obscure ideological dispute. As punishment, he spent ten years as Ambassador to Canada.

That exile came to an abrupt end when Yakovlev organized a 1983 Canadian visit for Gorbachev, who was then party secretary in charge of agriculture. Shortly afterward, Yakovlev returned to the Soviet capital as head of a think tank and later as chief of the propaganda department. A collateral duty was advising Gorbachev on the handling of the press and the arts. In that capacity, Yakovlev whipped up support for *glasnost* and deserves much of the credit for Gorbachev's current high standing among Soviet intellectuals.

Yakovlev is also regarded as the behind-the-scenes choreographer of the successful Mikhail and Raisa road show. He accompanied the Gorbachevs on their first official foreign trip—to London in 1984—and then to Geneva and Reykjavik. The payoff has been measurable. "Look what has been happening in West European attitudes toward the Soviet Union," said a diplomatic specialist on Soviet propaganda. "The opinion polls tell you why Yakovlev was promoted."

One such survey, conducted by the U.S. Information Agency in late May, found that in Britain, France and West Germany, overwhelming majorities believe the U.S.S.R. deserves more credit than the U.S. for progress in arms control. Most respondents even believe, erroneously, that the Soviets originated the "zero option" proposal for eliminating medium-range missiles in Europe.

If Yakovlev is in fact the man responsible for such public relations successes, he may have gained some useful perspectives long before his decade in Canada: he studied at Columbia University as an exchange student in 1959. But the experience did not make him an Americanophile. Yakovlev has written extensively and venomously of the U.S. as an imperialist predator "intoxicated with the destructive power of atom bombs." It is possible, however, that Yakovlev's writings reflect views other than his own. Some of his work may have been ghostwritten, a common practice among Soviet officials. Former U.S. Ambassador Arthur Hartman once told Yakovlev that he had read one of his vehemently anti-American tracts. "I'd like to sit down with you sometime and argue about it," Hartman said. "Oh," Yakovlev replied mildly. "In that case perhaps I should read it."

—By James O. Jackson/Moscow

FRANCE

A Verdict on the Butcher

After a final scuffle with history, Barbie is convicted

Throughout his eight-week trial on charges of crimes against humanity, Klaus Barbie, the Gestapo commander of Lyons during World War II, showed no sign of remorse and no great interest in defending himself. Except for three days at the beginning of the proceedings and two forced appearances in order to be identified by witnesses, Barbie exercised his right under French law to boycott the courtroom. The ailing Barbie, 73, seemed almost indifferent to the outcome of the trial. Instead of facing his accusers, he remained in his three-cell complex in St. Joseph prison.

But on the last day of his trial, the accused was ordered to be present. Looking drawn and tired, he stood expressionless last week while Presiding Judge André Cerdini read the verdict that had been reached after more than six hours of deliberation by nine jurors and three judges. The former SS officer was found guilty on all 341 counts of crimes against humanity. His sentence, the maximum, was life imprisonment.

As the verdict was read, a spontaneous burst of applause and cheers broke out from the spectators jammed together at the back of the courtroom. From outside in the street came more shouts of joy and the sound of cars honking. When Barbie's lawyer, Jacques Vergès, appeared on the steps of the courthouse, an angry mob began forming, and from the crowd came shouts of "SSI!" and "Assassin!" Police quickly moved to protect the lawyer, who had challenged not only Barbie's moral right to try Barbie but also the testimony of his victims.

The outcome of the trial had never been in doubt. The evidence against Barbie was overwhelming. From the testimony of French Jews and Resistance fighters, Barbie's few victims, came a portrait of a particularly brutal fanatic with a taste for sadism. In his final, calm but chilling summing up, Prosecutor Pierre Truche said, "This is not the trial of a German but of a torturer. It is of a man still loyal to his Nazi ideals."

While acknowledging that Barbie was a comparatively minor figure in the Nazi hierarchy, Truche accused him of cruelty far beyond the line of duty. "Was it necessary to strike Madame Lise Lesèvre 19 times when he already knew she was in the Resistance?" the prosecutor demanded. "Was it necessary to deport her husband and son, who were not in the Resistance?" Truche pointed out that Barbie did not need to arrest 44 Jewish children in one school and have them shipped to Nazi death camps. Nor was it necessary to send 650 people, including a dozen chil-

dren, to camps on the second-to-last conveyer to leave France. Said Truche: "A crime against humanity presupposes a plunge into inhumanity. This plunge you have experienced here with these men and women, who have told us what they never dared tell those closest to them."

In 1983, when Barbie was deported to France by Bolivia, where he had fled to avoid prosecution, many believed that he would never be brought to court because he knew too much about treachery and



A belated ceremony of justice: the criminal in court

"This is not the trial of a German but of a torturer."

informants within the French Resistance. Indeed, Barbie had bragged that he would reveal the extent of French collaboration with the Nazi occupiers. Many French feared the result would rip open barely healed wartime divisions among themselves. It turned out, however, that the French followed the trial with calm rather than passion. The proceedings were regarded almost as a history lesson rather than an occasion to refigure painful and never forgotten war experiences.

Barbie's defense during the trial was in the hands of his controversial lawyer, Vergès, a flamboyant Marxist with strong sympathies for Third World causes. The lawyer, who is known for taking on the legal defense of accused terrorists, brought in to help him Jean-Martin M'Bemba, 45, an attorney from Brazzaville in the Congo, and Nabil Bouaita, 36, a lawyer from Algiers. In the closing days of the trial, Vergès and his two aides began the long-advertised attempt to put France rather

than Barbie on trial. Vergès sought to shift the focus of attention from Barbie to the alleged crimes of France, other West European countries and the U.S. in the Third World. The lawyer demanded of the court, "Do crimes against humanity only merit this name when they are committed against Europeans?"

Following up on Vergès' theme, M'Bemba cited the 1947 murder of thousands of rebellious Africans by French settlers in Madagascar. "Can we judge Barbie after what happened then?" asked M'Bemba. "If there is a race that has been perpetually oppressed from slavery until now, it is the Negro race." When the Congolese lawyer said he had shaken Barbie's hand as a mark of respect when he met him, a murmur ran through the courtroom. M'Bemba snapped back, "I can understand your reaction. You have not lived what I have lived."

An uproar occurred in court when Lawyer Bouaita described himself as a "Semite defending an anti-Semite." He drew a comparison between Barbie's actions in the SS and alleged Israeli complicity in the Sabra and Shatila massacres in Lebanon in September 1982. "There is no hierarchy of atrocity," he said, "no discrimination between cemeteries, no differences between suffering." When Bouaita denounced the "nazification of the Jewish-Israeli people" and accused the Israelis of responsibility for a "Palestinian genocide," the courtroom erupted with whistles and shouts.

After conducting such diversionary tactics, Vergès surprised many in the courtroom by launching into a classic defense of Barbie, attacking what the lawyers claimed were inconsistencies in the evidence and testimony presented by the prosecution. "I am not saying this to mock the witnesses," said Vergès, "but after 40 years memories become confused." Not above a bit of theatrics, he called the expulsion of Barbie from Bolivia illegal and, as such, a "dishonor for France."

After Vergès finished his closing arguments, the court ordered that Barbie be brought in to hear the 341 charges against him. Asked if he had anything to say, Barbie, looking frail in a gray suit, light blue shirt and necktie, replied in French, "I did not carry out the arrests [of the 44 Jewish children]. I did not have the authority to order the deportations. I fought hard against the Resistance, which I respect. That was war, and the war is over."

Barbie, however, was no ordinary soldier merely doing his duty. Nor was World War II just another war to be gradually forgotten. That was why France put Barbie on trial, so that a ceremony of justice, however belated and imperfect, could bring some solace for his victims and a record for future generations.

—By Frederick Paulton

Reported by William Dowell/Lyons



Planting rice: the conservatives have been unable to gain control of the economy

CHINA

The Old Man and the Mountains

As conservatives stumble, Deng's reformists make a comeback

Mao Tse-tung once compared himself to a legendary "foolish old man" who picked away at mountains that obstructed the view from his house. Because his diligence found favor in heaven's eyes, the "foolish" man finally moved the mountains. Faced with a conservative backlash that has blocked his political and economic reforms since January, Deng Xiaoping, the current master of China, appears to be writing his own version of Mao's parable. Deng has resolutely continued to chip at the mountainous obstacles to his reform program. As a result, reformers seem to have regained the upper hand and positioned themselves for further advances at a crucial Communist Party meeting scheduled for October.

Through the winter and spring, the reformers had been balked by the doctrinaire Marxists, who were making a comeback after seven years of retreat in the face of Deng's reforms. The doctrinaire faction—also known as conservatives and, even more confusingly, leftists—blamed the reformers for last December's huge pro-democracy student demonstrations and launched a major campaign against "bourgeois liberalization." They vigorously attacked many of Deng's post-Mao changes, including greater artistic and press freedom and most moves toward capitalist-style economic reforms.

Late last year, when Deng himself moved toward acknowledging the criticism, the reform campaign began to run out of steam. He accepted the ouster of his protégé, Hu Yaobang, from the important post of party General Secretary and slowed down measures to expand China's fledgling market economy. Debate on political reform, especially sensitive after

the demonstrations, was shelved. With Deng apparently on their side, the conservatives pressed ahead with their campaign against capitalist thinking and Western influence.

Since then, however, the conservatives have been unable to devise economic proposals to replace Deng's reforms while still retaining China's newfound prosperity in the countryside and some urban centers. In April, Deng suddenly unbalanced his opponents when he told visiting dignitaries that the greatest danger to China came not only from complete Westernization but also from "leftist inertia."

Meanwhile, Deng shrewdly continued to groom his other protégé, Premier Zhao Ziyang, who last January took on the discredited Hu's responsibilities as party General Secretary. At first, Zhao's official speeches outlined a delicate balance of

power, with the conservatives dominating the political sphere and the reformists managing to keep control of the economy. With tacit encouragement from Deng, however, Zhao soon grew bolder. In April he faced down a conservative decision to bar a Chinese movie from overseas distribution. In late May the Premier denounced the conservatives' "ossified thinking," which he said endangered the livelihood of the people. Since then Zhao has not faced visible interference from the conservatives. When he went on a visit to Eastern Europe last month, he designated two reformists to run the government in his absence. Party insiders are talking about a coming "age of Zhao Ziyang."

The Chinese press has begun to reflect the resurgence of the reformers. One newspaper last week ran an interview with Fang Lizhi, a professor who had not been quoted publicly since his removal on charges that he instigated the December demonstrations. In recent weeks Deng himself has been widely quoted on the subject of reform. In mid-June he said, "The reform is total, including the economic and political fields and also others. The problem at present is to accelerate the reform." Last week the *People's Daily* and other newspapers republished Deng's seminal 1980 speech on political change, "On the Reform of the Party and Government Leadership Structure." The speech's reappearance was seen by Western analysts as part of an effort to put reform at the top of the agenda for October's 13th Congress of the Chinese Communist Party.

At that meeting, Deng may make a daring attempt to rid himself of his major rivals by giving up all but one of his formal titles. The move is unlikely to diminish his influence but almost certain to put pressure on other elderly leaders, particularly Party Theoretician Chen Yun and Deng's rival Peng Zhen, to retire from the Politburo. If the two do not retire, they will be seen as power grabbers. If they do step down, they will most probably be replaced by less doctrinaire leftists who lack their clout. Already many younger conservatives are publicly agreeing that political reforms must take place.

Deng may yet be tripped up at the October congress. If, as expected, Zhao gives up his post as Premier to take up the party chairmanship full time, he may be isolated from his power base in the bureaucracy. Deng's fortunes may also suffer if, as a concession to the conservatives, one of their number is appointed Premier. The conservatives are expected to call for collective leadership, and Peng may continue to block reforms from the National People's Congress, of which he is Chairman. Still the momentum seems to be on the side of reform. "The reformists now seem able to come out boldly in attacking the conservative ideas," says a Western diplomat in Peking. "There's a return to Deng's pragmatic line. They've turned some kind of corner."

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.

Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz and William Stewart/Peking



An automotive assembly line in Peking

Saving industrial gains from leftist inertia.



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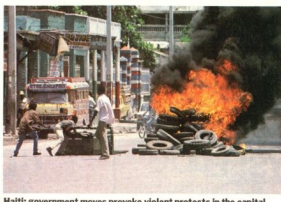
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World Notes



Soviet Union: Sakharov speaks out



Haiti: government moves provoke violent protests in the capital



Angola: Pilot Longo returns home

PANAMA

Message to The General

Only two days after Panama's legislature voted to lift a 19-day state of emergency last week, the government cracked down again. Authorities shut down an opposing radio station, and armed men, in full view of police, torched a building owned by a prominent member of the opposition. Thousands of protesters thronged the streets of the capital, calling for the removal of General Manuel Antonio Noriega, the country's de facto leader, who is accused of corruption and murder.

Meanwhile, about 2,000 people attacked the U.S. embassy, denouncing a recent U.S. Senate resolution that called on Noriega to step down. The State Department charged that Panamanian officials orchestrated the mob attack. Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams called on Panama's military leaders to "remove their institution from politics" and keep the politics more democratic.

HAITI

Eternity Is Just Too Long

Three months ago, Haitians approved a new constitution that calls for democratic elec-

tions in November. But last month the military government of Lieut. General Henri Namphy, 54, took control of the electoral process from a provisional council. Although Namphy rescinded the decree last week, his regime's action prompted the worst crisis in Haiti since the ouster of Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier 17 months ago.

Angry Haitians took to the streets, battling the army in violent outbursts that left at least 20 people dead and dozens of others wounded. Namphy, meanwhile, has spent recent weeks drumming up support in the countryside. He told one group of villagers that "the Eternal" had sent him. For Haitians who recalled the claim by Duvalier's father "Papa Doc" that he ruled by divine right, Namphy's pronouncement sounded disturbingly familiar.

DIPLOMACY

Battle of the Embassies

The Iranian embassy in Paris was surrounded by police last week, and soon the Iranian government retaliated by cordoning off the French embassy in Tehran in a confrontation that Paris newspapers dubbed the "battle of the embassies." At the center of the controversy was Wadid Gordji, 34, an interpreter at the Iranian embassy. French authorities, who

believe he is actually a high-ranking Iranian intelligence official, recently tried to question him about a rash of terrorist bombings in Paris last fall. At the time, the French assumed the attacks were the work of a Lebanese clan seeking the freedom of a jailed terrorist. Now it appears they suspect the Iranians.

Gordji fled to his embassy, where the Iranian chargé d'affaires last week gave an angry press conference—with Gordji as his interpreter. French officials vowed to take a hard line on the affair. But with six French hostages believed to be held by pro-Iranian factions in Lebanon—and the 1979-81 U.S. embassy siege in Tehran still in the public mind—France is, as one official conceded, "at a distinct disadvantage."

ANGOLA

Freedom for an Errant Flyer

Joseph Longo, 33, a civilian American pilot, was turned over to a U.S. congressional delegation visiting Angola last week after he spent nearly ten weeks in captivity. Longo's Beechcraft Bonanza was forced down by an Angolan jet fighter last April over Namibia, where the plane was scheduled to be delivered. "The treatment got better as time went on," Longo said of his detention. When he arrived in the U.S., however,

Longo cited "bad food, lice and lizards" as hardships that he endured.

Angolan officials described his release as a "goodwill gesture," presumably to smooth the way to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the U.S. That is a difficult goal, given the presence of 35,000 Cuban troops in Angola and the \$15 million in military aid the U.S. provides to UNITA, a pro-Western rebel group trying to overthrow Angola's Marxist government.

SOVIET UNION

With Friends Like These...

Because he publicly criticized the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov spent nearly seven years of internal exile in the closed city of Gorky. At a ceremony in Moscow last week inducing him into the French Academy of Sciences, Sakharov, who was allowed to return home last December, accused fellow members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences of spreading "cock-and-bull stories" about his supposedly "tranquil life" in Gorky. On the contrary, he said, he suffered psychological torture and frequent harassment while in exile. Despite the current policy of *glasnost* (openness), a newspaper account of the ceremony did not mention Sakharov's remarks.

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Economy & Business

Limping Along In Robot Land

A once hopeful U.S. industry goes awry

Once it was hailed as the ultimate manufacturing industry, an enterprise that would cut American labor costs, boost productivity and rack up as much as \$4 billion in sales by 1990. Blue-chip giants stampeded to buy into the action; bankers panted to finance the heralded expansion. Optimism was seemingly unbounded for the U.S. robotics industry, which produced semi-intelligent machines that were expected to help American businesses compete with low-wage foreign rivals over the next two decades and to improve greatly the quality of American industrial production.

Well, that was five years ago. Rather than becoming the highly successful purveyor of tireless, reliable welders, assemblers and heavy lifters for the auto industry, aerospace and other industrial concerns, robotics today is an industrial accident victim, crippled by a two-year slump. Sales of U.S. robots are expected to decline from an anemic \$580 million in 1986 to about \$400 million this year, miles below those rosy billion-dollar projections. The number of manufacturers that make robots and related equipment dropped from 328 last year to 300 this year.

Analysts had predicted that 250,000 robots would be in American factories by 1990; today only 25,000 are installed, roughly twice as many as exist in West Germany, which has a much smaller industrial base. The U.S. lags far behind Japan, where 118,800 robots are in use. Along with sluggish domestic demand, U.S. manufacturers face a shrinking share of the roughly \$1.9 billion global robotics market. Reason: Japanese competitors have gained a strong edge in the field and appear likely to continue their domination. Says Michael Cronin, president of Automatix, a Massachusetts-based robotmaker that lost \$7.8 million last year: "It's a bathtub out there."

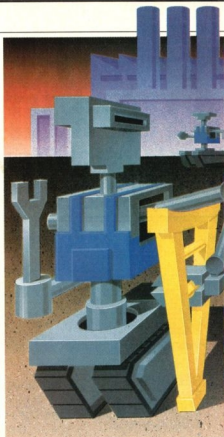
A symbolically significant retrenchment took place last month, when Westinghouse Electric sold off part of its money-losing Unimation robotics division. The buyer: Prab Robots, a small Michigan-based manufacturer of industrial robots and conveyor machines. Westing-

house's 1983 purchase of Unimation for \$107 million marked Big Business's arrival in robotics; IBM, Bendix and General Electric soon followed. Unimation, founded in 1959, was a robotics pioneer. Its first product was an \$18,000 Unimate machine used by General Motors to load forged dies at a New Jersey auto-assembly plant. As recently as 1981, Unimation made 45% of all robots sold in the U.S. Another setback for robotics will take place next month, when GE plans to fold its \$4 million robotmaking plant in Plymouth, Fla., idling 118 workers.

There is a measure of irony in the robot industry's plight. Although industrial robots account for only 2% of the \$24 billion factory-automation business (such items as computers and other electronically controlled industrial machinery make up much of the rest), the mechanical menials have drastically altered many sectors of the American workplace. Robots perform more than 98% of the spot welding on Ford's highly successful Taurus and Sable cars. At Doehler-Jarvis, a major Ohio metal fabricator, robots load and unload die-casting machines, trim parts and ladle molten metal. At IBM factories across the country, robots insert disk drives into personal computers and snap keys onto electronic typewriter keyboards. At a General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth, one robot drills 500 holes in the vertical tail fins of an F-16 fighter in three hours. It used to take three workers eight hours to do the same job.

What led to the current U.S. debacle? One factor was a slowing in capital spending that began with last year's elimination of the investment tax credit, making it more expensive for companies to buy big-ticket items like robots. Beyond that, the technology was often overhyped. Robots also proved more expensive to operate than many manufacturers imagined. U.S. robotmakers depended heavily on the fortunes of a single industry: automaking. U.S. auto manufacturers have bought 50% of American robots in current use. By contrast, less than 10% of Japan's robots are operated by its auto firms.

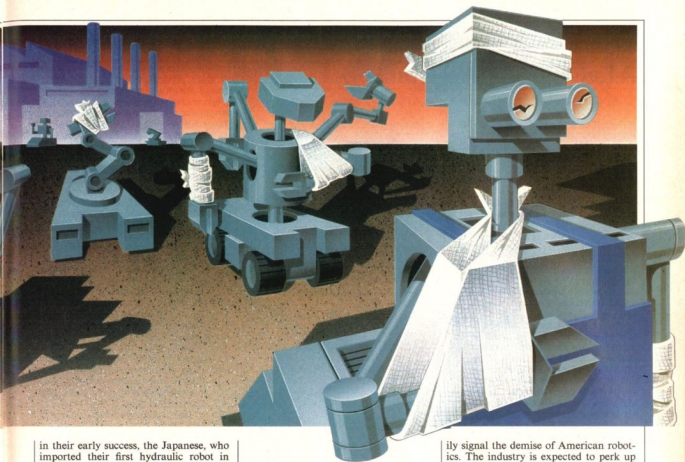
As the domestic automakers' share of



the American market has declined, so has the need for robots. GM alone accounts for 40% of U.S. demand for the devices; last year, when the No. 1 automaker killed a major program intended to build plastic-bodied cars, it canceled about \$100 million in orders for robots and support equipment. That was bad news for GMF Robotics of Troy, Mich., the nation's biggest robotmaker (1986 sales: \$186 million). GMF, a joint venture of GM and Fanuc, Japan's largest robotics firm, has cut its work force to 400 people, 60% of what it was two years ago.

Another area of vulnerability for U.S. manufacturers was the hydraulic-robot technology pioneered by Unimation. The company's robots, which became the American industry standard, were large (up to 4,000 lbs.), powerful, multipurpose and expensive, ranging in price from \$30,000 to \$200,000 apiece. But these bulky hydraulic machines, originally programmed to perform tasks by means of magnetic tape similar to that used in tape recorders, were often inaccurate and susceptible to breakdowns. Says Raj Reddy, director of the Robotics Institute at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University: "U.S. companies dragged their feet on innovation because they wanted to squeeze every last penny out of their existing equipment." Despite those drawbacks, in the early 1980s hydraulic robots appeared to be the best workhorses available for such automated tasks as parts assembly, materials handling and heavy-duty lifting.

Even as U.S. robotmakers wallowed



in their early success, the Japanese, who imported their first hydraulic robot in 1967, were coming up with a new product. Fitted with high-speed computer chips and sophisticated circuitry, the new electric machines received instructions via computer-software programs. The machines tended to be smaller, less expensive (\$5,000 to \$40,000 each) and not as prone to breakdowns as their U.S. hydraulic counterparts. Though electric robots were less powerful, and thus less capable of heavy industrial tasks, their greater accuracy in tasks such as delicate manipulation and precision welding made them more attractive for the automotive, aerospace and electronics industries.

American manufacturers were soon suffering as foreign-built electronic robots stormed the U.S. market. At Unimation, sales dropped from \$70 million in 1983—to the year Westinghouse bought the firm—to \$45 million in 1985, then to \$38 million last year. Overall, Japanese robotmakers account for 28% of all sales in the U.S. Worldwide, Japanese sales exceed those of U.S. competitors by 30%.

Exaggerated claims about what U.S. robots could do for businesses proved to be just as debilitating. Says Laura Conigliaro, analyst with the Prudential Bache investment firm: "The robot industry promised more than it could deliver. The technology was not as advanced or sophisticated as promised." Many compa-

nies discovered that buying an industrial robot was only the first, and least expensive, step in automating their factories. Says Carnegie-Mellon's Reddy: "Suddenly they needed experts in computer science, communications and database technology. The number of people in factories with this expertise is probably zero." Adds Warren Seering, professor of mechanical engineering at M.I.T.: "In general, robots are much more expensive than people."

Some of those who rushed to buy an expensive robotic system got less than they bargained for. At a Ford Motor plant in St. Louis, snags in 200 production-line robots delayed the 1986 introduction of the Aerostar minivan. Then the discovery that the same robots had been skipping many key welds led to the recall three months later of some 30,000 of the vehicles. In another disastrous episode, a Campbell Soup plant in Napoleon, Ohio, was outfitted with a \$215,000 system designed to lift 50-lb. cases of soup. But anytime it encountered defective cases, the machine would drop them, causing thousands of dollars in damage. Eventually the robot was donated to a local university and replaced by three humans. Says Warren Helmer, the company's manager of engineering research and development: "Campbell's was ready for robots, but robots weren't ready for Campbell's."

The current slump does not necessar-

ily signal the demise of American robotics. The industry is expected to perk up again by the end of 1988, partly because of increases in U.S. competitiveness caused by the falling dollar. Struggling American manufacturers have begun to adopt the electronic robot technologies of the Japanese and, like U.S. automakers, are moving their own assembly plants overseas to help cut costs. Above all, U.S. robotmakers have adjusted their own expectations of how the industry will perform in the future. "We're in a solid business with solid growth," says Bruce Haupt, a marketing manager in the division that oversees robotmaking at IBM. "Our early expectations were out of line, but they have been altered."

Even so, most analysts expect the number of U.S. robotmakers to keep shrinking through the mid-1990s. By that time robotics technology may have taken another impressive leap forward, with the U.S. once again expected to be the technological trailblazer. Advances now being explored in American universities and research laboratories could lead to the creation of machines capable of walking, improvising tasks and seeing (some robots can already do this crudely, through computerized video cameras). By then, the robots' masters may have learned how to exploit their wondrous inventions without falling into the kind of painful doldrums that now afflict their once glamorous industry.

—By Gordon Bock,
Reported by Yukinori Ishikawa/Tokyo and
Thomas McCarroll/New York

A Lament: All Work and Less Pay

Labor is growing restless as productivity rises and wages shrink

It is not easy to work up a sweat inside the frost-coated chambers of the Norcal vegetable-freezing plant in Watsonville, Calif. Even so, the company's 700 employees are perspiring heavily these days. The workers have stepped up their productivity 10% over the level of two years ago without any major improvement in the food-processing equipment at their disposal. Yet for all their labors, the workers are not getting more pay but less. Last March they accepted wage cuts of 17%, from \$7.06 an hour to \$5.85 for most packers. They had little choice: the new arrangement saved their jobs, which were threatened by low-priced frozen imports from Mexico and Central America.

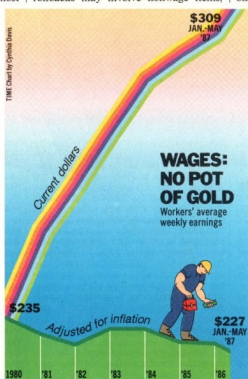
Norcal's packers are not alone in working harder for the same or lower pay. For the first sustained period since World War II, the same frustrating experience is affecting millions of American workers, from steelworkers to grocery clerks, airline pilots to meat-packers. A prime reason: over the span of the 1980s, wages have been lagging slightly behind inflation, even at today's comparatively mild pace of about 5%. Between 1980 and June of this year, for example, the average weekly earnings for U.S. workers increased from \$235 a week to \$309. But after adjustment for inflation, including a dramatic peak at the beginning of the 1980s, that paycheck actually slid backward over those years, to \$227. The rise in productivity among U.S. manufacturing industries, however, was a brisk 4% each year from 1981 to 1985. During most of the previous decade, this measure of output per worker had increased only 1.2% annually. In fact, last year's U.S. productivity hike of 3.5% surpassed that of Japan (2.8%) and West Germany (1.9%).

That situation should bode well for short-term U.S. competitiveness, but discontent among American workers is rising. Says Harley Shaiken, a labor economist at the University of California at San Diego: "It amounts to a reversal of the American dream." Agrees Rudy Oswald, chief economist for the AFL-CIO: "There is a growing feeling of 'We won't take any more of this.'"

Why the prolonged pay squeeze? By the early '80s, American wages in many sectors were ripe for attack because they remained too high in relation to industrial paychecks in the rest of the world. The porous U.S. economy made such an imbalance impossible to maintain as domestic goods suffered from an invasion of bargain-priced products from countries with

lower wage scales: textiles and steel are prime examples. High unemployment during the recession of 1981-82 gave companies more leverage to seek wage concessions or at least hold the line. The newest challenge to wages has been the economy's takeover frenzy, which has inspired managers to pare down work forces and hike profits as a partial defense against marauders.

Not all workers, of course, have suffered losses. Among those who have, the rollbacks may involve nonwage items,



ranging from lost vacation time to shrunken health benefits. But a pay reduction remains the unkindest cut. Buffy Mello, 34, a divorced mother of three, dreads the arrival of next March because she is among 950 workers at the USS-POSCO steel mill in Pittsburg, Calif., who will suffer a 4.5% pay reduction at that time. For Mello, a junior-grade electrician, the change will reduce her wages from \$14.37 an hour to about \$13.73, a difference of \$108 a month. Other workers elsewhere are getting raises, but the hikes are not enough to keep up with prices. Some 98,000 production workers in U.S. transportation-equipment industries got an average 2.5% wage boost over the past year, which still trailed inflation about 1 percentage point.

Many workers have had to give up cost of living allowances, or COLAs, a form of wage protection that spread widely during the high-inflation 1970s. Many corporations are seeking to replace regular pay raises with annual bonus systems. These lump-sum payments, common in executive circles, expand and contract with a company's profitability. The advantage for employers is that the bonuses cost less over the long haul because they do not compound year after year, as raises do. Last October, Boeing reached an agreement with its machinists that froze basic wages while granting annual bonuses that will average about 7% of their base pay.

Despite workers' complaints, though, only a portion of the country's increased productivity can be chalked up to more intense toil. Much of the gain results from the scrapping of obsolete plants and the installing of improved technology. Says Stanley Mielick, Goodyear's executive vice president for worldwide production: "The mistake that people make is that all of this productivity is because workers are sweating more. Hell, no. It comes from our \$1.5 billion investment in new plant and equipment."

What employees have often got in return for lower wages is increased job security. That was underlined last week, when the Labor Department announced that U.S. unemployment had fallen to 6.1% in June, from 6.3% the previous month.

Still, the feeling is strong among many U.S. workers that their lost wages are serving mainly to enrich managers, shareholders and investment bankers. One statistic that buttresses the notion is the increase in top executive compensation, which, according to one survey, climbed about 18% last year, even as rank-and-file wages stagnated.

Anger among labor-union members could flare up during the next few weeks, as the United Auto Workers begin negotiating new contracts for 459,000 workers at Ford and General Motors. If bargaining breaks down this year, the U.A.W. is likely to choose Ford as its primary strike target. Reason: the company, which passed GM last year with earnings of \$3.3 billion, is now Detroit's most profitable automaker. Even if those negotiations proceed smoothly, however, there are other signs that labor's restiveness is slowly increasing, despite the decline of U.S. union membership from 20.1 million in 1980 to 17 million in 1986. Last year the number of major U.S. work stoppages rose for the first time in the 1980s, to 69, from 54 in 1985. This year the number could rise again.

—By Stephen Koopp.
Reported by Dan Goodgame/Los Angeles and Richard Hornik/Washington

Making Amends

Top Toshiba executives resign

Only hours after celebrating their company's 112th anniversary in a solemn ceremony at Tokyo's sumo wrestling arena last week, Toshiba Corp. President Sugiihiro Watari and Chairman Shioichi Saba suddenly dashed to their corporate headquarters for an emergency board meeting. Then, at a hastily called news conference, the two executives resigned. That surprise gesture of contrition came less than a day after the Senate voted 92 to 5 to prohibit Toshiba and Kongsberg Vapenfabrik, Norway's largest defense contractor, from selling any products in the U.S. for two to five years.

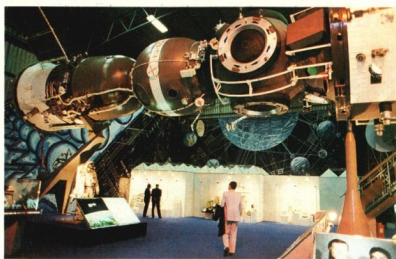
The sanction vote was intended to punish Toshiba, whose 50.1%-owned Toshiba Machine subsidiary joined with Kongsberg to sell the Soviet Union sensitive technology that enables submarines to move more quietly underwater and thus escape detection. Under the terms of the Senate ban, which was passed as an amendment to a pending omnibus trade bill, the Federal Government is required to seek financial compensation from Toshiba and Kongsberg for the technology leak. Some Congressmen estimate that it could cost the U.S. up to \$30 billion to bolster its defenses in the wake of the caper.

The bill also empowers President Reagan to exempt certain items from the ban, including products essential for defense. Kongsberg hopes such an exemption would allow it to fulfill a \$96 million contract to sell Penguin air-to-ship missiles to the Navy. Without that sale, Kongsberg might be forced to file for bankruptcy.

Toshiba will be hard hit by the ban if it becomes law. The Japanese conglomerate last year exported to the U.S. \$1.7 billion worth of VCRs, home computers and semiconductors, among other goods. Congressional sanctions might spark a wave of layoffs at the firm's U.S. subsidiaries, which employ 4,500 workers.

After the vote, a State Department spokesman said that Senate penalties "could be counterproductive because they run contrary to the spirit and practice" of export controls. The scandal was calmly discussed at a meeting in Tokyo last week between Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, in which Japan promised to help the U.S. strengthen its anti-submarine warfare capability.

On Capitol Hill, feelings are still ruffled by the incident. Said Democratic Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas: "A lot of people are in prison in this country for doing a lot less than Toshiba did." The House is weighing measures similar to those passed by the Senate. If the President vetoes the trade bill and thus the sanctions, the penalties could still be introduced as separate legislation. In that circumstance, Congress is expected to have enough votes to override a veto. ■



Moscow's winning entry in a p.r. competition: a life-size model of its Mir space station

How to Steal the Paris Air Show

The Soviets sizzle and the U.S. fizzles at Le Bourget

Every two years the world's aircraft and aerospace industry vies for sales and prestige at the Paris Air Show, which doubles as an elaborate platform for national pride. This year a record 1,465 exhibitors from 31 countries poured \$300 million into the displays for 350,000 visitors that filled the exhibition halls along the flight line at Paris' Le Bourget Airport. But what struck many in attendance, including TIME Senior Correspondent Edwin M. Reingold, was the lackluster U.S. showing, especially in contrast with a vibrant Soviet effort. Reingold's report:

Among the first sights greeting visitors to Le Bourget was the gleaming red-white-and-blue U.S.A. Pavilion—and on its roof the figure of a security guard with a sniper rifle. All attending the air show were scanned for weapons at the entrance; business visitors then had to be re-examined before they could view the commercial displays in the American pavilion. Many wondered why they had to go through the double ordeal when just two minutes away Soviet hosts were admitting one and all, save those who were smoking or eating. "The State Department made us do it," explained a U.S. official about the stringent security.

Soviet space technology was without question the star of this show. Thousands lined up to walk through a replica of the Soviet space station *Mir*. The tour took them into an impressive 100-ft. space structure composed of the Soyuz vehicle that sends two-man crews into space, the cylindrical space station itself, the Kvant astrophysics laboratory module and the Progress resupply vehicle for the station. The Soviets were not reluctant to declare that they will sell space to Westerners for commercial experiments on their space station. For those interested in even more

daring ventures, the Soviets brought along a full-scale model of one of the pair of unmanned spacecraft that will be launched toward Mars in July 1988.

The American space show paled by comparison. In contrast to the glamorous Soviet space station, which already orbits the earth, the U.S. could only show a glitzy film about its still unrealized plans. The U.S.'s manned space station will not be ready until the mid-'90s.

The most popular U.S. curiosities at the show were round-the-world Flyers Dick Rutan and Jeana Yeager. But *Voyager*, the unique lightweight airplane in which the duo circled the globe nonstop without refueling, was not at Le Bourget. Rutan and Yeager could not raise enough money to bring the aircraft along. A plan to fly *Voyager* to Paris on an Air Force cargo plane was rejected by a bureaucrat labeled a "pinhead" by an industry journal. What the U.S. chose to display instead was the B-1B bomber, a dark and menacing \$285 million war machine. The B-1B, designed to travel to its target through hostile combat environments, demonstrated only one flaw: its engines refused to start when the aircraft was scheduled to leave Le Bourget. A special power unit had to be flown from West Germany to get the bomber going.

The U.S. fared somewhat better in other areas. In Paris, Boeing and McDonnell Douglas announced combined sales of \$2.9 billion. But once again the U.S. was outclassed. Western Europe's Airbus Industrie consortium brought along its new jetliner, the twin-engine A320, which has amassed orders worth as much as \$14.5 billion even before getting its final certification for passenger service. A French exhibitor summed up the bottom line in Paris for an American colleague: "This was not your best year." ■

In Debt? Ring Up the Louvre

A select club hears Third World pleas for payment relief

Jean-Pierre Marlet, owner of the tony Club de Paris bar just off the Champs Elysées, has a problem. Officials with strange-sounding names and bizarre accents often telephone his establishment, asking to discuss their governments' foreign debts. Says Marlet: "No one ever gets credit here, and I have enough debts of my own to worry about." The experienced manager instead refers his callers to a telephone number at the French Finance Ministry on the Rue de Rivoli.

There important foreign callers discover a much weightier Paris Club: a discreet group of officials from 16 industrialized countries who meet regularly to ponder overdue Third World loans owed to their respective governments. The club was started in 1954, when Argentina, faced with a liquidity squeeze, called for an ad hoc meeting in Paris with all of its creditor governments. Since then, the group has evolved into one of the financial world's most important "non-institutions," as one representative called it. The club has no official charter, no staff of its own or even a permanent headquarters. It works by a set of unwritten rules and owes much of its significance to the refined negotiating skills and political savoir faire of a succession of French Finance Ministry officials who, in the words of former U.S. Comptroller of the Currency John Heimann, "have rolled over a vast amount of Third World debt with a minimum of fuss."

The focus of the club's concern is

money lent to Third World countries not by private banks but by governments themselves. The main work of the club is "rescheduling," a euphemism for delaying portions of government-to-government debt that is one or two years in arrears, usually with the proviso that current obligations be met. The club's membership list includes such predictable names as the U.S., Britain, France and Japan, all well-known international lenders. But the club also includes some Third World debtors, like Brazil (foreign debt: \$110 billion), that have nonetheless managed to lend money to other developing nations. In the past four years alone, the Paris Club has been able to reschedule more than \$63 billion worth of uncollectible obligations. The volume of rescheduled debt, says Jean-Claude Trichet, the sharp-eyed Cabinet director of France's Finance Ministry, "shows that we are living in dangerous times."

Trichet, 44, should know. His official job is chief domestic policy aide to French Finance Minister Edouard Balladur. But Trichet also presides over Paris Club affairs from behind his Louis XV desk in a spacious office overlooking the Louvre gardens. So far this year, representatives of 13 countries have come to Trichet to request rescheduling discussions. Among the visitors: Brazil, Argentina and Egypt. The previous record for the club was in 1985, when 17 countries renegotiated their debts, five of them twice.

Compared with the entire mountain

of debt owed by the 15 most heavily indebted Third World nations—about \$463 billion, of which \$286 billion is owed to private banks—the unpaid IOUs piled up before the Paris Club, while substantial, seem of only secondary importance. But before they begin their own painstaking sessions with debtors, the world's major banks often wait to see how club governments will react to requests for postponed loan repayment. The club also has an important effect on the cash flow of needy governments. Unlike banks, which postpone only the repayment of principal on loans, the Paris Club will postpone the payback of both principal and interest, thus freeing up additional credit for use by the debtor. In the past two years, club governments have used this method to add \$15 billion to the coffers of petitioning debtors.

Like commercial creditors, the Paris Club governments insist that creditors who plead for rescheduling should receive at least a word of approval and an interim loan from the International Monetary Fund in Washington, an organization to which club members also belong. Then, to convince the club that they are truly unable to pay back outstanding loans, petitioners must do a virtual striptease, disclosing their most sensitive financial data. "One of the unwritten rules is that the confidentiality of a debtor country's economic and financial statistics is sacrosanct," Trichet explains.

Rescheduling meetings are held as often as once a month in the old Hotel Majestic, now an international conference center, on Paris' fashionable Avenue Kléber. Sessions deal with two or three countries at a time. The U.S. position on issues is prepared by the Treasury Department, although Washington's chief delegate is William Milam, 50, an easygoing Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International and Finance Development. Discussions often run from 9 a.m. to well past midnight, with only half-hour breaks for lunch and dinner in the building's downstairs cafeteria.

Not all meetings have happy outcomes. Last week, for example, Brazil discomfited fellow club members by suspending payment on more than \$1 billion of debt principal owed to governments. But the moratorium, which had been widely expected, will not affect this year's interest payments to the club of about \$242 million.

The Paris Club's schedule is likely to grow more hectic, if only because the Third World debt crisis, particularly in Latin America, is again worsening. Warns Pedro-Pablo Kuczynski, co-chairman of First Boston International in New York City: "Only if commodity prices rise faster than interest rates can Latin America make it." In other words, Jean-Pierre Marlet at the Club de Paris may be getting more misdialed calls than usual this year, and over at the Louvre, Jean-Claude Trichet may be working harder than ever. —By Frederick Ungeheuer/Paris



Refined negotiating skills and savoir faire: France's Trichet behind his Finance Ministry desk

A "non-institution" with no official charter, no staff of its own and no written rules.

Business Notes



Banking: convenience, at a cost



Auctions: a blue Bridge brings a cool \$20.2 million



Autos: the chairman promises amends

AUTOS

Iacocca Says I'm Sorry

For Chrysler's ebullient chairman Lee Iacocca, it was a humiliating moment. "We're all culpable, and we made a mistake," he declared at a news conference last week. It was "dumb" and "unforgivable," he said, for Chrysler to have allowed employees to test-drive some of the company's new autos with their odometers disconnected and later sell the cars as new. That practice led to a grand-jury indictment against the company and two of its executives two weeks ago. Chrysler had vigorously defended its actions as normal quality-testing procedures in the industry, but amid a storm of adverse publicity, Iacocca decided that the smart thing to do was to make amends.

Accordingly, the chairman announced, and Chrysler advertisements subsequently declared, that the owners of some 60,000 affected cars built between July 1985 and the end of 1986 would get two extra years—or 20,000 additional miles—on their auto warranties. Another 40 customers whose cars were damaged during the test-driving period will receive new vehicles.

Chrysler's problems with the test-driving fuss are not over. The No. 3 U.S. auto-

maker (1986 revenues: \$22.6 billion) faces at least three lawsuits, a trial that could begin as early as August, and possible fines of up to \$120 million in connection with the furor.

ANTITRUST

Mixed Signals On Mergers

Although the Federal Government has smiled on most recent merger activity, every now and then a corporate union gets flagged down. Last week the Interstate Commerce Commission affirmed its year-old rejection of the proposed merger between the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railways, citing "serious anticompetitive effects" as its reason. The combined railway would control more than 90% of rail traffic on the West Coast.

The ICC move came on the heels of a Justice Department plea to the same body, urging a rebuff of Greyhound Lines's request that it be allowed to begin operating ailing Trailways immediately rather than wait for formal approval of a merger between the firms. Justice argued that allowing Greyhound to run Trailways before the ICC has studied the proposed merger would blur the companies' respective identities and make it difficult to restore competition should the merger be turned down. At week's end the ICC gave Greyhound temporary permission

to operate Trailways after Justice changed its mind. The reasoning: the firm was nearly bankrupt and could not continue without help.

AUCTIONS

Van Gogh Is Still Hot

Three months after a Japanese insurance company paid \$39.9 million for Vincent van Gogh's *Sunflowers*, the overheated art market shows few signs of cooling off. At Christie's London auction house last week, another Van Gogh work, *The Bridge at Trinquetaille*, was sold in just two tense minutes of bidding for \$20.2 million, the second highest price paid for a painting at an auction. The 29-in. by 36-in. *Bridge*, painted in 1888 when Van Gogh lived in Arles, was sold by the family of New York Banker Siegfried Kramarsky, who bought the painting in 1932. The buyer: an anonymous European collector who bid by telephone.

BANKING

Paying More For Fast Cash

The automated-teller machines used by most banks generally offer 24-hour customer service, but less often for free. According to the Bank Administration

Institute, an industry trade group, by year's end 63% of banks with ATMs are likely to impose charges for the use of their money machines. Some charges are hefty: 75¢ per transaction at Chase Lincoln Bank in Rochester for using another bank's ATMs, or \$1.50 at Pittsburgh's Mellon Bank for using a nationwide ATM system.

Such fees could backfire. Since instituting them four years ago, a number of Texas banks have seen a slowdown in the growth of ATM use. As a result, Dallas-based MCorp is dropping charges as of Sept. 1 for customers using its ATMs.

PUBLISHING

Tokyo's Foxy Biz Whiz

She is sharp, stylish and, at 29, the trusted confidante of business leaders and government finance officials. Armed with a Harvard M.B.A., she reports on Japanese business inroads in the U.S. and advises her boss on how to buy up a bank; meanwhile, she is carrying on a romance with a dashing economist. Sawako Matsumoto is the heroine in a hardcover, cartoon-style guide to economics that is published by *Nihon Keizai Shimbun*, Tokyo's largest business daily. The books sell for roughly \$6.70 each and are a runaway hit in Japan. Soon to come: an animated television series, and perhaps feature films based on the economics comics.

Press

When in Doubt, Run the Royals

Britain's tabloids once again play up the palace

Diana, Princess of Wales, turned 26 last week. She celebrated in a private room at a London restaurant with Prince Charles, Prince Andrew and his wife. The British tabloids, however, toasted Diana's birthday in a very different way. **WHAT HAPPENS IF CHARLES AND DI DIVORCE?** bannered the sensationalist *Sun* across a two-page spread. "It's unthinkable," noted the paper in considerably smaller type. "But anything goes with the royals these days." Declared the rival *Daily Express*: "She's 26 today, far from shy and surrounded by Hip Hoorays who dance and joke with her till dawn."

The royal family has never lacked for ink in the British press, especially in the flashier tabloids whose rival scoops are sometimes mountains built from one grain of fact. Diana, in particular, attracts headlines: over the course of her six-year marriage to Prince Charles, she has been reported pregnant countless times, has spent a king's ransom on clothes and was anorexic. Lately, however, British papers have been feasting on an unusually large banquet of negative stories about the younger royals, including once unthinkable innuendos about (gasp!) Diana's marital fidelity.

Rumors of a rift between the pensive, polo-loving Charles, 38, and his much younger, more pop-oriented wife have been played up in the papers for months. After spotting Di at rock concerts and discos with a number of male escorts, reporters zeroed in on a single putative love interest: Philip Dunne, 28, a London bachelor who works at the investment banking firm of S.G. Warburg. Never mind that Dunne already has a pretty girlfriend named Katya Grenfell. Young, successful and with a vague resemblance to Actor Christopher Reeve (*Superman*),

Dunne fit the role perfectly. **POW! SUPERMAN PHIL IS DIANA'S NEW PAL** blared the *News of the World*.

In true British tabloid style, no detail was spared. Several papers gleefully reported how Dunne and the princess danced until dawn at a wedding after Charles had left. Nigel Dempster, the country's leading gossip columnist, informed readers of the *Daily Mail on Sunday* that Di spent the weekend with Dunne and other guests at his family's country home while both his parents and Charles were away. When Diana was photographed at a David Bowie concert next to a handsome man, several papers trumpeted that it was Dunne. It was not; Di's companion turned out to be an officer in the Queen's Household Cavalry. The mistake did not deter at least one paper from offering some friendly advice. "Have an early night, Diana," urged a *Star* columnist. "We really can't have a Princess of Wales hoofing it around town with a clutch of eligible escorts, while her two small children are left at home with their dad."

Palace correspondents claim that Diana has shed her early shyness and credit her new high spirit to her sister-in-law the Duchess of York, formerly Sarah Ferguson and known in headlines simply as "Fergie." Already 26 when she married Charles' younger brother Prince Andrew last year, Fergie arrived at Buckingham

Palace with a large circle of partygoing friends and a relaxed, fun-loving demeanor. Di and Fergie made the papers at the annual Ascot races last month when, giggling, they prodded acquaintances from behind with their umbrellas. Later, when Prince Michael of Kent walked by, Diana reportedly greeted her with a wolf whistle.

Such antics would attract notice anyway, but some observers believe that last month's departure of Palace Spokesman Michael Shea has worsened the royal family's public relations problem. Shea,

who held the job for almost ten years, knew how to subdue a potentially embarrassing story and treated reporters well. His skills would have come in handy three weeks ago when the Queen's youngest son Edward organized a charity event in which he, Princess Anne, Prince Andrew and Fergie dressed in Elizabethan garb and raucously led teams in mock medieval jousts. Reporters were kept in a tent for six hours and forced to watch the proceedings on a video screen. At a press conference afterward, Edward was met with a decided lack of enthusiasm and stormed out, giving the papers their royals story for the day.

Part of the point of the program, Edward said innocently before fleeing, was to show the public that "members of the royal family are, in reality, ordinary human beings." Some commoners, however, have different ideas. "What keeps the royal family royal is the general suspension of disbelief that they are mere mortals," wrote Helen Mason in the *Sunday Times*. Without that disbelief, the monarchy might lose its appeal, and where would that leave the British press?

—By Laurence Zuckerman.
Reported by Roland Flamini/London



The headlines that sell



Captured by the camera: Di's "chum" Philip Dunne with Girlfriend Katya Grenfell; Fergie and Di whoop it up at Ascot; a kiss for the prince after polo



Cocaine can make you blind.

Cocaine fools your brain.

When you first use it, you may feel more alert, more confident, more sociable, more in control of your life.

In reality, of course, nothing has changed. But to your brain, the feeling seems real.

From euphoria...

You want to experience it again. So you do some more coke.

Once more, you like the effects. It's a very clean high. It doesn't really feel like you're drugged. Only this time, you notice you don't feel so good when you come down. You're confused, edgy, anxious, even depressed.

Fortunately, that's easy to fix. At least for the next 20 minutes or so. All it takes is another few lines, or a few more hits on the pipe.

You're discovering one of the things that makes cocaine so dangerous.

It compels you to keep on using it. (Given unlimited access, laboratory monkeys take cocaine until they have seizures and die.)

If you keep experimenting with cocaine, quite soon you may feel you need it just to

function well. To perform better at work, to cope with stress, to escape depression, just to have a good time at a party or a concert.

Like speed, cocaine makes you talk a lot and sleep a little. You can't sit still. You have difficulty concentrating and remembering. You feel aggressive and suspicious towards people. You don't want to eat very much. You become uninterested in sex.

To paranoia...

Compulsion is now definitely addiction. And there's worse to come.

You stop caring how you look or how you feel. You become paranoid. You may feel people are persecuting you, and you may have an intense fear that the police are waiting to arrest you. (Not surprising, since cocaine is illegal.)

You may have hallucinations. Because coke heightens your senses, they may seem terrifyingly real.

As one woman overdosed, she heard laughter nearby and a voice that said, "I've got you now." So many people have been totally convinced that

bugs were crawling on or out of their skin, that the hallucination has a nickname: the coke bugs.

Especially if you've been smoking cocaine, you may become violent, or feel suicidal.

When coke gets you really strung out, you may turn to other drugs to slow down. Particularly downers like alcohol, tranquilizers, marijuana and heroin. (A speedball—heroin and cocaine—is what killed John Belushi.)

If you saw your doctor now and he didn't know you were using coke, he'd probably diagnose you as a manic-depressive.

To psychosis...

Literally, you're crazy.

But you know what's truly frightening? Despite everything that's happening to you, even now, you may still feel totally in control.

That's the drug talking. Cocaine really does make you blind to reality. And with what's known about it today, you probably have to be something else to start using coke in the first place.

Dumb.

Partnership for a Drug-Free America



Why buy a limp excuse for a pickle
when you can crunch a Claussen® pickle.



Are you settling for limp, wilted pickles—the ones that are cooked so they can sit on your grocer's warm shelves?

You don't have to. Claussen® pickles are fresh, never cooked. Claussen pickles are picked year round and are continuously chilled from the moment they're picked. That's why they're so fresh, crunchy and better tasting than pickles you'll find on the shelf. We even date every jar so you know just how fresh they are.

So next time look for cold, crunchy Claussen pickles in your grocer's refrigerator case. 'Cause any other pickle is just a limp excuse.

claussen

© 1987 Claussen Pickle Co.

We've got pickles down cold.

Only in your grocer's refrigerated case.



Religion

Raising Eyebrows and the Dead

Oral Roberts stirs controversy with an extraordinary claim

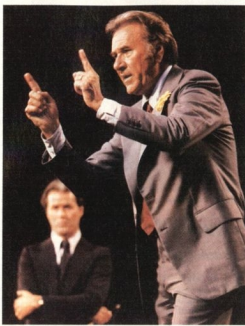
So far, 1987 has been a checkered and chastening year for the Rev. Oral Roberts, 69. Last January the Tulsa-based TV evangelist announced that if he did not receive \$8 million from donors by March 31, God would "call me home." The money was raised, but Roberts' dramatic ultimatum provoked widespread derision. He drew additional gibes by declaring that his wife Evelyn had come to his rescue when the devil visited his bedroom and tried to strangle him. Then, in May, Roberts mailed 1 million packets of "healing" water to followers, advising them to use it to "anoint your billfold" to solve money problems and "anoint your body" to allay physical ills.

The controversy produced by those episodes, however, has been overshadowed by Roberts' latest extraordinary claim: God has used him to raise the dead. Before an audience of 6,000 at Oral Roberts University, the evangelist said, "I've had to stop a sermon, go back and raise a dead person," adding god-naturedly, "It did improve my altar call that night." Roberts provided no details. Later his son Richard, 38, expanded the reification claim, asserting that in 50 or 60 cases Oral and other ministers had raised the dead.

Then Oral began to hedge. During a TV appearance with a physician from his university's medical school, Roberts explained that a baby he had raised "years ago" appeared to have died during a service. "Only a doctor could say" whether the infant was "clinically dead," he said, but "the mother thought it was dead, I thought it was dead, the crowd thought it was dead."

The speech that started it all was delivered to an emotional throng of Charismatics and Pentecostals whom Roberts is trying to unite into some sort of loose coalition. Defending himself on money questions in the wake of the PTL scandal, Roberts said he had raised more than \$1 billion during his career and "kept less than one-tenth of 1%" for himself.

"My accountability is the same thing as Jesus'," Roberts said. When John the Baptist asked Jesus through intermediaries for his credentials, Roberts was indicating, Jesus replied that he had healed the sick and raised the dead. Rob-



Oral Roberts, flanked by Son Richard, preaches on TV show "My accountability is the same thing as Jesus."

erts also said that in the "world to come," he expected to return to Tulsa. He added, "I wouldn't be surprised if God did not bring me back to these 400 acres of Oral Roberts University he has built and would let me reign over these 400 acres."

Pentecostals can cite Scripture to support miraculous claims. Three raisings of the dead are reported in the Old Testament; the New Testament tells of three raisings by Jesus and one each by Peter

and Paul. (The "resurrection" of Jesus is distinguished from the "raising" of persons who eventually died again.) Nonetheless, Pentecostal Scholar Russell Spittler of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif., protests that "miracles are better left to speak for themselves—Oral is the last person who should mention it."

David Edwin Harrell Jr. of the University of Alabama in Birmingham, author of a Roberts biography, notes that in the 1950s, raisings were claimed by several revivalists. To Harrell, the surprise is not that Roberts is making the claim but that he did not do so before.

Roberts, says Harrell, had a "flirtation with respectability in the 1960s and 1970s," when he left the faith-healing circuit to build Oral Roberts University, of which he is president. The 4,650-student campus includes an 11,500-seat arena and schools of medicine, theology, business, education and nursing. The overall complex, with its 60-story clinic and other medical buildings, retirement apartments and two visitors' centers, is valued at \$500 million.

Roberts seems to be instinctively returning to his roots in revivalist Pentecostalism. He is re-emphasizing faith healing and is reaching for his old-time constituency as his income slides (from \$88 million in 1980 to \$55 million in 1986, according to the *Tulsa Tribune*) and his

largely vacant City of Faith Medical Center continues to lose money (\$10.7 million last year). Roberts has quietly tried to sell or lease the medical complex, and is negotiating with a subsidiary of National Medical Enterprises to manage it.

As part of his move toward the mainstream, Roberts in 1968 left the Pentecostal Holiness Church and joined the United Methodist Church. Lately, the Methodists have become increasingly vexed about

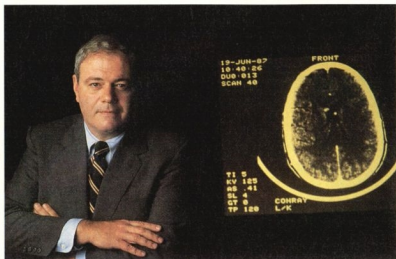
Roberts' drift toward eccentricity and sensationalism. The regional Methodist unit in Oklahoma has asked the church's Judicial Council to decide who should supervise a "local elder" such as Roberts—the regional unit or the local congregation. Anti-Roberts rumblings are spreading across the denomination. Last month delegates representing 104,000 Methodists in western Tennessee condemned his fund raising as "offensive, inappropriate and objectionable" and "harmful to the reputation" of the United Methodist Church.—By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Barbara Dolan/Tulsa and Michael P. Harris/New York

Under the Tent With John Paul

After weeks of earnest prodding from the Vatican, the Rev. Billy Graham has decided to accept an invitation for a joint September speaking appearance with Pope John Paul II in Columbia, S.C. The meeting, which will be attended by two dozen other ecumenical leaders, will mark the first time that Graham, the world's best-known Protestant, has preached alongside a Pope. It will also be John

Paul's first important acknowledgment of the evangelical movement. Some conservative Protestants who are hostile to Roman Catholicism urged Graham to stay away; indeed, the president of Graham's denomination, the Southern Baptist Convention, is bypassing the event. But Graham may feel an obligation toward the Pope, who, as Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, permitted the evangelist to speak in a major Cracow church in 1978. Graham faces a tight schedule: a week after the ecumenical encounter, he will pay his first visit to China.

Medicine



Vanderbilt's Allen with brain scan showing region of experimental adrenal-cell implant

Steps Toward a Brave New World

The rush is on to treat neural disorders with brain implants

For more than a year, Tess Follensbee had found it easier to start moving her rigid muscles if she walked backward, so pronounced was her Parkinson's disease. In May, all that changed. The 39-year-old mother of four was one of the first half a dozen Americans to undergo experimental brain surgery for Parkinson's at Vanderbilt University Medical Center in Nashville. Last week some 500 medical researchers, gathered at a symposium sponsored by the University of Rochester in New York, watched a videotape of Follensbee in awed silence as she triumphantly, if tentatively, propelled herself forward. Says the patient, who still suffers from slight tremors: "I have hope where there was no hope before."

The surgery that preceded Follensbee's partial recovery—the transplanting of tissue from one of her adrenal

glands to her brain—may be only a prelude to even more remarkable developments. Several scientists at the Rochester meeting, citing promising research on animals, predicted that human fetal tissue would eventually be implanted in brains not only to treat Parkinson's but Huntington's and Alzheimer's diseases as well as other brain disorders. Given the rapid surgical advances recently, there is no question that the rush is on to try adrenal-cell implants to correct Parkinson's, a neural disorder that afflicts an estimated 1 million Americans. At the Rochester conference, doctors from China to Mexico reported successes in dozens of adrenal implants. At least four U.S. medical centers, including New York University in Manhattan and Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's in Chicago, are planning to perform the opera-

tion on at least 30 Parkinson's victims in the next six months.

Parkinson's disease, which causes trembling and muscular rigidity, stems from the still unexplained gradual death of most of the cells in a tiny, darkly pigmented area of the brain called the substantia nigra. The cells produce dopamine, a chemical that helps transmit impulses from the brain through the nervous system to the muscles. The Vanderbilt operations, adapting a technique that was developed in Sweden and first used successfully in Mexico last year, involve transplanting dopamine-producing tissue from one of the patient's two adrenal glands (located atop the kidneys) into the brain. Since the cells are the patient's own, there is no danger of rejection by the immune system. They are accepted by the brain and begin producing the needed dopamine.

Despite the heartening Parkinson's results reported in Rochester, doctors at the symposium were cautious. "In my mind, there is no question that the patients get better," said Dr. René Drucker-Colín, a leader of the transplant team at Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México, in Mexico City. "The real question is: For how long will they get better? Obviously, if the answer is six months, it would be less important to do this operation." Admitted Dr. George Allen, chairman of the department of neurosurgery at Vanderbilt, where twelve more operations are planned later this year: "This is still very much an experimental procedure. It is too early to tell if the improvement is due to the operation."

Whether or not the recoveries prove to be long lasting, University of Rochester Neurobiologist John Sladek and Yale Psychiatrist Eugene Redmond see a braver new world ahead. The two scientists reported reversing the effects of Parkinson's in adult African green monkeys by implanting cells from the substantia nigra of monkey fetuses, and believe that fetal brain grafts offer a better bet for Parkinson's patients. Vanderbilt researchers, using fetal nerve-tissue implants in experi-

Slapping Down The Mosquito

Can mosquitoes, which carry such diseases as malaria and yellow fever, also transport the deadly AIDS virus? The question arose in 1985, when the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta studied an unusually dense clustering of AIDS sufferers in the mosquito-infested area of Belle Glade, Fla. Last week the Atlanta *Constitution* stirred up the mosquito scare anew by

publishing the preliminary findings of a research team sponsored by the National Institutes of Health. Its tentative conclusion: the AIDS virus can indeed ride as a passenger on the blood-sucking mosquito.

To AIDS investigators, the reports of the virus in mosquitoes, bedbugs and even tear drops have been a "distracting sideshow." The pivotal question is not where the virus is hiding or riding, but whether in that form it can cause disease.

Not surprisingly, scientists last week quickly slapped



Revived scare: suspect carrier

down the suggestion that the pesky insects may be infecting humans with the AIDS virus. For one thing, the virus does not reproduce inside mosquitoes, as it does in human blood. Nor is it found in

insect saliva, which generally transports insect-borne infections. Even under perfect laboratory conditions, researchers have been unable to produce an AIDS infection by a mosquito or another biting insect.

Indeed the earlier CDC investigation of Belle Glade failed to find AIDS infections except among members of traditional risk groups and their sex partners. "If mosquitoes are doing it," said a CDC spokeswoman last week, "they are very selective about who they are biting."

ments with rats, also reported progress in reducing chemically induced symptoms of Huntington's disease, a fatal genetic brain disorder. Others expressed hope that once the underlying causes of Alzheimer's disease are determined, it too might be brought under control by implants of fetal tissue.

Despite some optimistic statements, most scientists are aware that ethical dilemmas as well as technical difficulties stand in the way of successful fetal-cell therapy. Many church leaders and right-to-life advocates oppose the use of tissue from artificially aborted fetuses. And doctors worry about using tissue from spontaneously aborted fetuses, which often have serious genetic defects. In any event, Sladek believes animal research on fetal tissue should continue for several more years before fetal-cell transplants are even attempted in humans. He and Redmond plan to treat monkeys and observe them for two to five years in order to detect any unexpected long-range effects. Still, Sladek is optimistic. Says he: "I just know it's going to work."

Another Rochester neuroscientist, Timothy Collier, has already begun looking into freezing and storing fetal brain tissue for use in implants. He reported last week that he had successfully transplanted frozen-and-revived fetal neural tissue in both rats and monkeys. The next step: implanting the thawed tissue into monkeys afflicted with Parkinson's. The ultimate aim is to create neural-tissue banks that surgeons will be able to draw on for future operations.

Animal research may help answer some basic physiological questions about fetal brain implants. Will the brains of Parkinson's victims, most of whom are middle-aged or elderly, integrate with fetal tissue? Could a virus that found its way into the brain, which is normally unaffected by the immune system, accidentally set off an abnormal immune response that would destroy the graft? And even without viral intervention, would the foreign fetal cells be rejected? Moreover, surgeons will have to know precisely how much tissue from what stage of development should be used in each transplant. Taking the tissue too early, for example, might result in runaway cell growth that could wreak havoc in the brain.

Sladek, for his part, believes that technology may circumvent some of these dilemmas. "We may someday be able to genetically engineer the cells we need—add the genes for dopamine to cells, grow them in culture and use them in the brain. Whatever happens," he says, "it will be exciting." Notes New York University Neurologist Abraham Lieberman, who will assist in N.Y.U.'s first adrenal-cell transplant this week: "Five years ago, when you talked about brain transplantation, you were talking about Boris Karloff and Frankenstein. Today it's no longer science fiction."

—By Leon Jaroff
Reported by Andrea Dorfman/Rochester and Christine Gorman/New York

Health & Fitness



Resting happily: Arthritis sufferer Nancy Wallrich and husband Bert atop therapeutic mattress

Oh, Wow, Water Beds Are Back

A symbol of hippiedom is reincarnated in suburbia

Quiz time. Besides Jane Fonda, what sex symbol of the '60s has become a health emblem of the '80s? Stumped? Try the water bed. Yes, that infamous fixture of hippie pads has been transformed in just two decades into an increasingly popular middle-class therapeutic aid. Kathleen Hetland and her husband Darwin of Osakis, Minn., both 56 and arthritis sufferers, sleep blissfully on a water mattress that their children sent them as a gift. Says she: "I absolutely love it, and I wouldn't know what to do without it."

Today the water-bed industry is not only a \$2 billion business (compared with about \$13 million in 1971), but it is also the fastest-growing segment of the bedding market, accounting for 21% of all mattress sales. Last year 4 million water beds were sold (price: \$100 to \$600), nearly three-quarters of them to buyers over age 30. About one-fourth of purchasers now cite health reasons for choosing a water bed. The most common complaints are back pain, arthritis and insomnia.

The most popular water bed is still the original water-filled vinyl bag set within a plastic or wooden frame. Fast gaining in appeal, however, is the soft-sided bed made of vinyl with foam baffles, cells or cylinders inside that reduce wave motion. Water temperature can be varied by a thermostat-controlled heater mat that plugs into a wall socket.

The liquid system provides more even support than conventional bedding, say enthusiasts, contouring to body shape and thus easing stress on the buttocks, shoulders, elbows, hips, calves and heels. "It's just more support in the right places without exerting pressure on the wrong

places," explains Stacy James, head of advertising for Land and Sky, a Lincoln, Neb., water-bed manufacturer. Sloshy cushions, say advocates, keep the spine in proper alignment and, along with the heat, help blood circulation. Ads now tout water beds as good for the whole family, from children to the elderly.

As yet, though, scientific proof for such claims is scanty. Water beds are helpful in the prevention of bedsores, a problem that afflicts up to 30% of patients in chronic-care facilities; some hospitals also endorse the use of flotation mattresses to help premature infants breathe more normally. Opinion is mixed, however, on whether water beds are good for back pain. Orthopedist Steven Garfin of the University of California at San Diego gives cautious approval. "Patients tend to do a little better in terms of range of motion and comfort on the water bed than conventional bedding," he says. But Dr. Rene Cailliet, a rehabilitation specialist at Santa Monica Hospital Medical Center, is unconvinced. "If you lie on your stomach, the water bed allows you to increase the sway or the sag of the back," he notes.

Nonetheless, satisfied users abound. Nancy Wallrich, 56, a homemaker in Santa Fe Springs, Calif., who has had rheumatoid arthritis for 30 years, says her water bed has brought her uninterrupted sleep. It has also improved her sex life. "For me, many positions and movements had become difficult," she observes. "Now I am able to move around more." That sounds a lot like what water beds were famous for way back when.

—By Anastasia Toufexis
Reported by Beth Austin/Chicago and Bill Johnson/Los Angeles

Show Business

The Prom Queen of Soul

Whitney Houston is sleek, sexy, successful — and, surprise, she can sing

There she stands, Miss Black America. With her impeccable face, sleek figure and supernova smile, she looks like a Cosby kid made in heaven. She stirs sentiments not of lust but of protectiveness and awe; everybody around wants to adopt her, escort her or be her. And now this perfect creature picks up a microphone. Oh. You mean she sings too?

Oh, yes. Whitney Houston can sing, and not just too. Beneath the Tiffany wrapping lie the supplest pipes in pop music. Her precocity and virtuosity, her three-octave range and lyrical authority, are, at 23, scary. She can switch moods without stripping emotional gears, segueing from a raunchy growl to an angelic trill in a single line—no sweat. She coaxes the back-street torch song *Saving All My Love for You* until the song's Other Woman sounds like a little girl lost in faded rapture. She stands up to the string section in that anthem of enlightened egotism, *Greatest Love of All*, finding the prettiest weave of velvet and voltage. Then the synthesized percussion starts blasting, and she escalates into purring teen ecstasy for *How Will I Know* and her new hit *I Wanna Dance with Somebody (Who Loves Me)*. This is infectious, can't-sit-down music, and her performance dares the listener not to smile right back.

Just about everybody has bought the smile and the sound. *Whitney Houston*, her first album, has sold more than 13 million copies worldwide to become the best-selling debut in history, garnering the singer a Grammy and seven American Music Awards. And now, as she kicks off a summer-long tour of 45 concerts, she has done it again. Her new collection, *Whitney*, made pop-music history as the first album by a female singer to debut at No. 1 on *Billboard's* pop chart. The album's first single, *I Wanna Dance with Somebody*, scampered to the top of eight different *Billboard* hit lists, from Adult Contemporary to Crossover and from West Germany to Australia. Her "birth-to-death demographics" attract nearly every music listener and a few who just watch. "She can get the kids on the dance floor," says Narada Michael Walden, who produced *I Wanna Dance* and six other cuts on her new album, "then turn around and reach your grandmother."

Grandma better get ready to boogie. From the very first cascading

wooooo! on *I Wanna Dance*, the new album showcases a Whitney Houston who sings bolder, blacker, badder. This Whitney doesn't just want to dance with somebody, she wants "to feel the heat with somebody," and the vocal scorches. The rest of the album—a mixture of party songs and love songs—displays its star's subtler readings, greater vocal nuance, more dynamism and control. On the jazzy ballad *Just the Lonely Talking*, she eases into an adventurous scat duet with an alto sax. But she can still sing it straight and sweet, as in

Michael Masser's romantic elegy *Didn't We Almost Have It All*, an instant standard with a spiraling melodic line.

Whitney's most meaningful cut has to be *I Know Him So Well*, a power-pop ballad from the Broadway-bound musical *Chess*, which she sings with her mother Cissy. In the song, a grandmaster's wife and mistress muse about being unable to fulfill his needs for fantasy and security; in this version, mother and daughter sing about a husband-father, and it makes for an electrifying duet. Throughout the al-



The singer revs up, inserts, and lies down

bum, the range and vocal glamour displayed offer testimony that Cissy's girl has grown up. *Whitney* marks graduation day for the prom queen of soul.

Houston's triumph is all the more impressive for the odds it bucked. Two years ago, she was an unknown, a background vocalist in a cheerleader's body. Moreover, of her first album's ten cuts, six were ballads. This chanteuse had to fight for air play with hard rockers. The young lady had to stand uncowed in the locker room of macho rock. The soul strutter had to seduce a music audience that anointed few black artists with superstardom.

Houston was no trailblazer. She was a phenomenon waiting to happen, a canny tapping of the listener's yen for a return to the musical middle. And because every new star creates her own genre, her success has helped other blacks, other women, other smooth singers find an avid reception in the pop marketplace. As Whitney, her own most dispassionate appraiser, told *TIME* Correspondent Elaine Dutka, "Here I come with the right skin, the right voice,

the right style, the right everything. A little girl makes the crossover and *VOOOM!* it's a little easier for the others."

Her pedigree may have made it a little easier for her. As Walden notes, "Whitney comes from vocal royalty." Cissy Houston has been a fixture in gospel and pop for three decades. Dionne Warwick, who crafted a unique pop style before Whitney was born, is her cousin. Aretha Franklin, the first woman inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, is known as "Auntie Ree" around the Houston home. Clive Davis, the industry swami who revived Dionne's and Aretha's fortunes when he signed them for his Arista Records, spent two years preparing each of Whitney's albums.

To her admirers, Houston's success represents an overdue vindication of that neglected American institution, the black middle class. Here is a morality play with a happy ending: two strong, affectionate parents nurturing their talented daughter toward the show-biz dream of fame without

pain. To scoffers in the rock critical Establishment, though, the 5-ft. 8-in., 115-lb. beauty is a black Barbie doll. To them, Whitney's voice, so willing to roam through the breadth of pop music, shows no emotional depth; they find the selection of her songs bland and timid.

So what is this—Whitney bread? The latest, most lavish confection of a no-risk music industry? Not quite. It's true that being gorgeous hasn't hurt her; those videos show a natural performer in the lightning radiance of youth. But if the camera loves her, so does the microphone. With that voice she could look like Danny DeVito and still be a star. It's true as well that she has been sold smartly and aggressively. But these salesmen had a Mercedes to peddle. As the singer says of herself, "They didn't have to make me over. There would be no 'Whitney Houston' without Whitney Houston." All of which raises the musical questions: Where did she come from? What did she overcome? For that we need a brief course in cultural history. This one:

In the beginning there was rock and roll. The infant art form embraced gospel and country, blues and ballads. Blacks cohabited with whites on the Top 40; boys packing sexual threat in their jeans shared the bill with girls tenderized in lacquer and lace. The mood could be tender too. On the radio, a slow tune just naturally followed an up-tempo number; it was the heartbeat of teen America. The 19-year-old Aretha Franklin could take a Broadway spiritual like Meredith Willson's *Are You Sure* and transform it into a righteous steeple raiser. Baby, that was rock and roll.

Auntie Ree emerged in the early '60s as part of an impressive sorority—soul sisters from all over. Cousin Dionne, working within the rickchet rhythms of Burt Bacharach's songs, built a brand-new bridge connecting gospel urgency to show-tune sophistication. Barbra Streisand moonlighted from Broadway and never went back. The jazz inflections of Nina Simone and Sarah Vaughan enriched the vocabulary of pop. The megaton voices of Jackie DeShannon, Dusty Springfield and Timi Yuro lent powerful shadings to love songs. And the girl groups—all the -elles and -ettes, the Supremes and Shangri-Las—kept teen pulses surging to an irresistible beat. It made for a varied, vigorous music, in the golden age of chanteuse pop.

By the early '70s, though, a new agenda had been proclaimed. Melody and vocal craft were out, to be replaced by the hip virtues of energy and attitude. Male singer-songwriters were now the Rimbauds of rock and the women merely interpreters, trimming their expertise to the cut of the material. LaBelle or Bette Midler could coax a ballad to tears or go all raw in a rave-up, but that wasn't artistry, only dexterity without the signature of commitment. Meanwhile, FM radio's narrow-cast formats were herding black artists into the chic ghettos of Las Vegas and the R.-and-B. stations. By now the first generation of rock-'n'-roll kids had hit their 30s and wearied of a heavy-metal pep-pill diet. The music's emotional poverty had turned them



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into clones of their parents: people who hated rock because it was "just noise."

Today the women are back in the record stores, and they have dragged rock's first generation in with them. Chanteuse pop is in style again, stronger than ever, in the work of some young and veteran smooth sisters. Warwick won a Grammy for Bacharach's *That's What Friends Are For*, and Aretha was back at No. 1 with a George Michael duet, *I Knew You Were Waiting (for Me)*. Streisand's return to Broadway—or rather to *The Broadway Album*—went platinum last year. New voices are enriching the old melodic sound too. From Britain, Sade translated her Afro-exotic features and bossa-nova ballads into a boffo LP. Anita Baker poured the ache of jazz into pop and sold a couple million copies of *Rapture*. All over the dial, female singers are anchoring distinctive personalities to the sound of soul on silk. But none

that "Daddy" bit." Says Whitney: "He was Mom's support network while she was on tour. He changed diapers, cooked, did my hair and dressed me, all the while providing Mom with advice and answers."

Whitney's sweet inspiration was Emily ("Cissy") Drinkard Houston, now 53. Whitney calls her "my teacher, my friend, the lady in my life." John credits Cissy with teaching their daughter "how to talk, walk, stand, project, greet people. She took care of Whitney's teeth, got involved with how she dressed." Cissy was a strict and loving mom. If she thought Whitney needed a spanking, Whitney got one. "Cracking gum or sitting with your legs open were

stayed together for our sake. Finally they realized that the only way for them to stay friends was to split. It was strange not to have my father there, but he lives just ten minutes away. Besides, even if you're not together physically, the love never dies."

Dionne, who considers Whitney the "little girl I never had," says of the clan, "You don't get in unless we let you in." Whitney was always reluctant to let outsiders in. "I've always been a private person," she says. "In grammar school some of the girls had problems with me. My face was too light. My hair was too long. It was the black-consciousness period, and I felt really bad. I finally faced the fact that it isn't a crime not having friends. Being alone means you have fewer problems. When I decided to be a singer, my mother warned me I'd be alone a lot. Basically we all are. Loneliness comes with life."

At 17, Whitney completed her extended family when she met the "sister I never had." Robyn Crawford—tall, slim, severely handsome—was 19 then; they have been nearly inseparable ever since. Four years ago Robyn dropped out of Monmouth College, where she had played basketball on scholarship, and later became Whitney's personal assistant. They share a North Jersey flat with a view of Manhattan. Because of their easy intimacy, the tattle mill has ground out the story that they are lovers. Both women shrug off the rumor. Says Robyn: "I tell my family, 'You can hear anything on the streets, but if you don't



Cutting loose in the studio, and conferring with Producer Walden

have hit the plangent chord struck by John and Cissy Houston's little girl.

"With her looks and talent," says Warwick, "she had all the credentials. Her success was something that was supposed to happen. And like all of us in the family, Whitney was singing from the moment she came out," on Aug. 9, 1963, in Newark. After the Newark riots of 1967, the Houstons moved to a two-story house in East Orange, where Cissy still lived until this March. For the most part they were an ordinary family, except that Mom would occasionally hit the road to sing backups for Elvis, Aretha or Dionne. While Cissy toured with her group, the Sweet Inspirations, John, the group's manager, tended the three children. Whitney's half-brother Gary Garland, 28, sings duets and backup in her act; her brother Michael, 25, is the production manager on Whitney's tour.

Whitney was Daddy's girl, and the lure was mutual. "I used to give her flowers," says John, 66, who runs Whitney's three companies. "I helped her with term papers in high school—she'd call me on Tuesday for a paper due on Wednesday. She's always been great with



considered unacceptable," Whitney says, "and I'd better not come back from the yard with scratched knees." Cissy says Whitney "didn't date young. I didn't allow it. Period. But she did go through a rebellious teenage phase, mostly small stuff: staying out late, not washing the dishes. She was lazier than hell, stubborn and opinionated. When she was 16, I told her she wasn't going to make 17 because I was gonna kill her."

If the teenager felt rebellious, her mood may have reflected the tension between her parents. John moved out when Whitney was 15, though he and Cissy were never legally separated. "They'd laugh a lot," Whitney says. "And when times were hard, they fought, which taught me a lot about love and sacrifice. For a while they

hear it from me, it's not true." Whitney also alludes to family: "My mother taught me that when you stand in the truth and someone tells a lie about you, don't fight it. I'm not with any man. I'm not in love. People see Robyn with me, and they draw their own conclusions. Anyway, whose business is it if you're gay or like dogs? What others do shouldn't matter. Let people talk. It doesn't bother me because I know I'm not gay. I don't care."

What she cares about, has always cared about, is music. Gary Garland remembers the child Whitney, "dressed up in mother's gowns, down in the basement, singing her lungs out like she was in Madi-



Show Business

son Square Garden." At eleven, Whitney made her solo debut singing *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah* at the local Baptist church. "I was scared to death," she recalls. "I was aware of people staring at me. No one moved. They seemed almost in a trance. I just stared at the clock in the center of the church. When I finished, everyone clapped and started crying. From then on, I knew God had blessed me."

Then began the musical education of Whitney Houston, courtesy of Cissy. "I taught her that you don't start loud," Cissy says, "because then you have no place to go. I taught her that songs tell a story, and you don't blare out a story. Control is the basis for singing: up, down, soft, sweet. And diction was very important." You can hear the fruit of Cissy's lessons even in a dance tune like *How Will I Know*. In the refrain "If he loves me, / If he loves me not," Whitney really punches that final *t*. No wonder: Mama was singing backup.

Her first industry angels were Eugene Harvey and Seymour Flics, then concert promoters, now Whitney's zealous managers and jealous protectors. In 1981 the team devised a game plan: they would develop acting and modeling as adjuncts to the music. Soon Whitney was doing a Canada Dry commercial and TV's *Silver Spoons* and *Gimme a Break*. She had already been cutting classes at her private Catholic girls' school to model for the Click agency. She later switched to Wilhelmina and appeared in *Glamour* and *Vogue*. Meanwhile she was sharing club dates with Cissy. Finally, at 18, she was ready for the record business.

And Clive Davis was ready for Whitney. Earlier, he had helped launch the careers of Janis Joplin, Barry Manilow and Billy Joel. Now he would steer Whitney Houston to middle-of-the-road music. Gerry Griffith, then Arista's A- and R- chief, had recommended Whitney to Davis and set up an audition. "Clive sat there poker-faced," recalls Flics. "He said thank you and left. The next day we got an enthusiastic offer." In 1983 Arista signed her, with a "key man" clause: if Davis leaves the company, Whitney can go with him.

It took a year and a half for Griffith and Davis to amass suitable songs for the album. Even after elaborate showcases in New York and Los Angeles, many producers turned down the chance to work with her. Finally the songwriter-producer Kashif offered to produce *You Give Good Love*. Jermaine Jackson, who had emerged from the shadow of Brother Michael, produced three songs. Walden came in to revise and then produce *How Will I Know*.

And Michael Masser covered the pop side of the tracks, producing four of his own compositions, including *Saving All My Love* and *Greatest Love*. Says Davis: "Our main criterion in picking each song was 'Will it be a hit?'" The album, budgeted at \$200,000, finally cost almost \$400,000.

The industry rule is to introduce an album with an up-tempo song. Davis took a risk by releasing two ballads as Houston's first singles. "We wanted *You Give Good Love* to solidify the black base," he says. "To our surprise, it went to No. 1 on the R- and-B charts and No. 3 pop. Then *Saving All My Love* hit No. 1 R- and B and No. 1 pop. It's ironic, but Top 40 stations give more exposure to ballads by certain black artists than to those by most whites. Whit-

underlines Houston's chameleon charm. In one scene she reprises her *Saving All My Love* role; in another, she does a Tina Turner shimmy; throughout, she bops till any other mortal would drop.

In March, between takes on this video, the star dragged on a few cigarettes, posed with co-workers for just one more picture and, in a precious spare moment, perched on a stool and zoned out. As a professional model for a third of her life, Houston is used to being stared at, pampered, ordered about, tortured by beauticians' caresses. She doesn't seem to mind; she knows the only eye that matters is the unblinking one with the red light. "From the beginning," she says, "the camera and I were great friends. I know the eye of the camera is on me—eye to eye. It loves me, and I love it."

Perhaps this cool lover will entice her onto the big screen. There is talk of film work—maybe an adaptation of Toni Morrison's *Tar Baby*, maybe a movie version of *Dreamgirls*. Meanwhile, her family will keep Whitney well protected. Her brothers run interference for her on tour; Robyn offers support and palship; John promotes and shields the family star. Still, Dad must wonder when the coo becomes a cage. Last year, after a concert in London, Whitney joined the crew at the local Hippodrome. "I was nervous," she recalls. "At one point I spotted her on the dance floor. 'Guess what, Daddy,' she said, 'I've been dancing!' And she proceeded to dance until 4 in the morning. I almost cried, realizing that for three years she hadn't had



With her parents Cissy and John in Cissy's New Jersey kitchen
"Even if you're not together physically, the love never dies."

ney is helping to maintain the ballad tradition." The third single, *How Will I Know*, brought her to the teens and to MTV, which black artists have traditionally found tough to crack. And *Greatest Love* became Whitney's top-selling single. Says Davis: "It put the album in a totally different category."

Meanwhile, her movers and shapers were working overtime to fix the Whitney magic in her music videos. The first video, *You Give Good Love*, tells the story of a romance with a cameraman—and, more tellingly, with his adoring camera. In *Saving All My Love*, she is a beaming All-American girl shadowed by her secret lover's wife. In *Greatest Love*, Whitney dazzles in rehearsal rags and in a sequined evening gown that hangs elegantly from the world's creamiest shoulders. For *How Will I Know*, she wears just a yard or so of slink swank but still upstages the mod-art gashes of color and moves like the cuddliest disco dervish. The new video for *I Wanna Dance with Somebody* (directed, like *How Will I Know*, by Brian Grant)

the chance to act like a teenager."

So here she stands—her carriage immaculate, of course—poised for the future. It should be no surprise to her, so meticulous are her Svengalis' strategies. Houston denies she is corseted by the evening gowns, the narrow gauge of her songs or the charges of her advisers' puppeteering. "I was the primary mover of my career. I told my people to give me a plan and I'd follow," she says. "And it worked. I traveled and smiled, and it worked."

Whitney Houston could go Hollywood or even Vegas, become a legend or a lounge act. But for now she is happy to savor the triumph. "I like being a woman," she says, "even in a man's world. After all, men can't wear dresses, but we can wear the pants." If she dares, professionally, to wear the pants—if her song selection grows with her technique, if she rises to the challenges her voice can already meet—she may soon hear the sweetest accolade. "Whitney Houston? Great singer! Oh, you mean she's pretty too?" —By Richard Corliss. Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland and Elaine Dutka. **New York**



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Video

The Carson of the Literary Set

France's hottest talk-show host specializes in, yes, books

He has the agility and intelligence of Ted Koppel, the authority and credibility of Walter Cronkite in his heyday and the popularity of Johnny Carson. When his show comes on French TV every Friday night, right after a dubbed version of *Miami Vice*, it is something of a national event. Some 6 million people tune in faithfully—cab drivers as well as business executives, concierges as well as intellectuals. But even more remarkable than the lofty status of Bernard Pivot is the subject of his program: books.

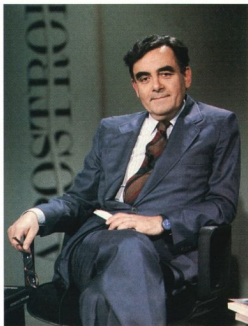
Pivot is host of *Apostrophes*, an urbane 90-minute discussion of literature and ideas with some of the world's most famous authors. Henry Kissinger has appeared, as have French Presidents Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and François Mitterrand. Most weeks, however, writers like Saul Bellow, Carlos Fuentes, Günter Grass, Milan Kundera, Susan Sontag and others of lesser renown are the stars.

A talk show that is both highly rated and uncompromisingly literary would be dismissed by U.S. television executives as a contradiction in terms, an impossibility. But in France, intellectuals are often as celebrated as movie stars, even among nonreaders. In a recent survey of French viewers, 38% said Pivot was their favorite TV personality. (His closest competition: a German shepherd named Junior who is featured on a hit show about pets.) Nor is his popularity an exclusively French phenomenon. *Apostrophes* is also seen in Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, French-speaking Africa, Poland and even on a cable channel in Manhattan.

Apostrophes (the name comes from both the punctuation mark and the word for a rhetorical statement) is so successful at boosting book sales in France that Pivot reigns as the most influential literary figure in the country. "Ask a publisher or bookstore owner what it would be like without Pivot," declared the French newsmagazine *Le Point*, "and then look at the expression on his face. It's one of a lone sailor at sea who's just lost the mast of his ship."

What Pivot has done, of course, is adapt that venerable French institution, the literary salon, to television. Each week the program, live and unrehearsed, arranges four or five guests around a low table, with a small studio audience behind them and Pivot at the head. Pivot devises a specific theme for each show (the body and how we conceive it, love in

the ancient world), carefully choosing his guests in order to orchestrate a lively discussion. Each is given the works of the others well in advance and is expected to read them thoroughly. Current books are discussed along with older, often obscure works. "The show is intended to make people read," Pivot explains, "to trap the viewer by letting him know a little of what is in a book and then making him



Scoops and Beaujolais: Pivot on the set of *Apostrophes*

go out and buy it to learn the rest."

Although Pivot adroitly keeps the spotlight on his authors, he has his own flair as well. At the end of a show devoted to French collaboration with the Germans during World War II, Pivot suddenly pulled out a piece of paper and began to read. It was a letter from Albert Camus to fellow Novelist Marcel Aymé explaining why, despite a colleague's treasonous embrace of fascism, Camus was willing to plead for the condemned man's life. The unpublished letter had been sent to Pivot by a friend researching a Camus biography. As his guests sat in silence, awed by Camus's beautifully written and powerful denunciation of collaboration, Pivot bade his audience good-night.

Pivot has had his share of scoops. In 1983 he was the first to be granted a television interview with Alexander Solzhenitsyn after the Russian writer moved to the U.S. This spring he made headlines

after he flew to Poland and surreptitiously taped a lengthy conversation in Gdansk with Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa, whose autobiography was recently published in France.

Almost always dressed in a natty but rumpled suit, Pivot, 52, is an unlikely candidate for stardom. The son of a wine-grower and grocer in Lyons, he attended journalism school in Paris. In 1958, after dabbling in financial reporting and writing a novel, he applied for a job on the literary supplement of the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro*. Pivot knew little about literature, but the editor happened to be a wine connoisseur and was impressed by Pivot's

knowledge of Beaujolais, the wine from the countryside near Lyons. Thus Pivot broke into the life of letters "totally by chance," as he recalls. "I could easily have gone into something else." In 1973 Pivot launched a literary talk show on France's main television channel, TF1, and was soon given an ultimatum by *Le Figaro*: TV or print. Pivot stuck with video, moving over to the state's new color channel, Antenne 2, in 1975 to start *Apostrophes*.

Pivot spends a minimum of 70 hours a week reading, making it a point to finish at least one book a day. In order to plow through more pages, he commutes to work by public transportation and when on vacation often asks his wife to drive. Besides being host of *Apostrophes*, he is founder and editor of France's largest (circ. 175,000) literary magazine, the monthly *Lire*. In addition, he has managed to write books about two of his sustaining passions, Beaujolais and soccer, and to serve as deputy mayor of the town of Quincé-en-Beaujolais in southern France.

Not surprisingly, Pivot's status as literary czar has fostered some resentment. In 1982 Writer Régis Debray, then an aide to President Mitterrand, denounced Pivot, accusing him of exercising a "virtual dictatorship over publishing markets." The public outcry over Debray's criticism was so strong that Mitterrand quickly endorsed Pivot, forcing Debray to beat a hasty retreat.

Not only has Pivot no peers, he has no rivals either. He was offered five or six times his current salary (reportedly \$160,000 a year) to bring *Apostrophes* to one of France's newly privately owned television networks, but he decided to stay with Antenne 2. However, he says, "I would be perfectly happy to see other shows like mine." It is not a likely prospect. "We had thought of starting a literary show," says Hervé Bourges, former head of TF1. "We never did. We didn't think we would ever be able to do a better job than Pivot." —By Laurence Zuckerman.

Reported by William Dowell/Paris

Art

Abstraction and Popeye's Biceps

The sweet, rambunctious paintings of Elizabeth Murray

Most fans of Elizabeth Murray's work will remember a time, only ten or twelve years ago, when the American art world decided that Painting Was Dead. Henceforth the future would belong to videotapes, "propositions," "events" and bits of string on the gallery floor. The exequies over the body were as solemn as they were premature; dust devils of argument spun through art magazines, scattering the ashes. Though no prophecy could have proved less correct—painting has filled the horizon of American art in the '80s, almost to the point of monopoly—a young artist needed cussedness and conviction to reject the tribal wisdom of the end of the '70s.

Luckily, Murray had both, and the sight of a dogged, idiosyncratic mind firmly engaged with its own experiences is what her traveling retrospective show—which will open July 28 at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, having closed late last month after a seven-week run in Boston—has to offer. At 46, Murray has developed without shortcuts into a wonderfully articulate painter, one of the best of a generation that includes Susan Rothenberg, Neil Jenney and Brice Marden. Her show of some 45 works, a midcareer report organized by the Dallas Museum of Art with an excellent catalog essay by Art Critic Roberta Smith, will continue after Los Angeles to Des Moines and Minneapolis before finishing at the Whitney Museum in New York City next spring. It should not be missed.

At a time when so much art is ironic, distanced and parasitically given to quoting the Big Media, Murray's work goes against the grain. It presents a standoff between fracture and extreme sensuousness. It is nominally abstract, a bit hard to read at first—until you are used to the shaping and layering of canvas planes in the paintings and of separate sheets of paper in the drawings—but almost profligate in its flat-out appeal to the eye. The chrome yellows and leaf greens, cobalts, pinks, purples and deep, reverberant blacks that proliferate in her work are the signs of a master colorist without inhibitions. Her drawing may be ponderous and whippy by turns, but never irresolute.

The subtle friction of the yellow fingers and pink biomorphic shapes around the central void of *Keyhole*, 1982, has something of the quality of '40s de Kooning, sexy and calligraphic at the same time: it evokes the felt presence of the body as an obsessive subject, but obliquely. And there is a curious tension between the enormous size of Murray's canvases and the often domestic and maternal emblems that become their subject matter—tables and chairs, cups and spoons, an arm, a breast. Murray is not a feminist artist in any ideological sense, but her work, like Louise Bourgeois's or Lee Krasner's, gives a powerful sense of womanly experience. Forms enfold one another, signaling an ambient sense of protection and sexual comfort—an imagery of nurture, plainly felt and directly expressed, whose totem is the Kleinian breast rather than the Freudian phallus.

But this longed-for integration is always jolted by the fracture and splitting of the paintings, their discontinuous surfaces, their eccentric formats. There are times when Murray's shaping of the canvas gets too sculptural and becomes an awkward hybrid. The space her color evokes so well can be overstrained by so much twisting and jutting, though that

never happens in the drawings. But the sense of controlled disorder does not matter: "I want the panels to look as if they had been thrown against the wall and that's how they stuck together," she says. This sense of improvisation lets Murray make "abstract" art that includes experience of the body and is filled with tender awkwardness, but in a colloquial way.

False rhetoric is not one of her problems. She goes in for titles like *Yikes* and

Can You Hear Me?, and the shapes in her paintings have a cartoony flavor; there are speed lines and zap-ziggags from the comics in several of them, and speech balloons too. One of her favorite forms, a swelling lobe pinched at the ends, looks like Popeye's biceps ready to take on the world after the transforming gulp of spinach. This fondness for the demotic shape has been with Murray since her childhood in Bloomington, Ill., when she used to draw her own comic books and pass them around among her

friends. But today the effect in no way resembles that of pop quotation. Murray transforms these signs rather as Miró did those of Catalan folk culture. Indeed, one of the presiding influences on her work clearly is Miró's, for her art is about dreaming and free association, the goofy insecurity of objects that slide through the looking glass of her tactile sensibility and peek out, transformed, on the other side.

The other artist one thinks of in connection with Murray is Juan Gris, the quiet master of analytical cubism, with his smooth Ingresque planes and profiles of a teacup, gueridon and spoon, their lights and darks fitting together like notches of a key in the wards of a lock. But Murray's work is less composed. Its messages include the direct psychological narrative, the contact with anxiety (including the anxieties of stylistic irresolution that must be faced with every new picture) that Gris' still lifes were designed to bury. You sense, when you look at it, that a whole temperament is strenuously engaged in conveying what it is like to be in the world. The effort goes beyond style, beyond pat categories of abstract and figurative; and it gives her work its sweet, rambunctious and very American life. —By Robert Hughes



Murray: idiosyncratic



Keyhole, 1982: an imagery of nurture, jolted by fracturing and splitting

Milestones



Bennett's long-running *A Chorus Line*: as in the newly revived *Dreamgirls*, a gift for telling a story through exhilarating stagecraft

Broadway's Gypsy Genius

Michael Bennett: 1943-1987

The author of a play is indisputably the playwright. The "author" of a musical—the person who conceives the story and the way of telling it—may be the composer, lyricist, librettist, producer, director or even choreographer. The end result is always to a degree collaborative, but some single creator usually gives a show its characteristic look, sound and momentum. That is why the revival of *Dreamgirls*, which culminated a national tour by opening on Broadway last week, is labeled "the Michael Bennett production," although Bennett was not credited with the book, score or lyrics. Like *A Chorus Line*, now in its twelfth year, Broadway's longest run ever, *Dreamgirls* owes its existence to Bennett the director—his visual inventiveness, sophisticated simplicity and gift for making stories of show-biz success and failure seem like paradigms of everyone's struggles in life, as they were in his own. He called himself "a tap dancer from Buffalo who went all

the way." When he died of AIDS last week at 44, having both his signature shows on Broadway seemed an apt memorial.

Born Michael Bennett Di Figlia in Buffalo, the son of an automobile-plant machinist and a secretary, he said he never wanted any life but the theater. At 16 he dropped out of high school to tour Europe in the chorus of *West Side Story*, and two years later he made his Broadway debut, dancing in *Subways Are for Sleeping*. At 23 his choreography for *A Joyful Noise* (1966) won the first of his 17 Tony nominations. Then came a phenomenal five-year run: choreography for *Promises, Promises* (1968), *Coco* (1969), *Company* (1970) and *Follies* (1971), which also saw his debut as a co-director with Harold Prince, followed by *Twigs* (1972), his first solo directing, and *Seesaw* (1973), his first stint as a show doctor rescuing an incipient flop.

Still a dance-corps gypsy at heart, Bennett used actual taped recollections by

dancers to shape the quiet, brooding, confessional monologues of the Pulitzer-prizewinning *A Chorus Line* (1975). His show-biz saga inverted the cliché: these hoofers were not destined to become stars, they were just trying to pursue a craft for as long as their bodies would allow. The anthem *What I Did for Love* was not sung about a sentimental interlude but about the gritty romance of dancing.

The exhilarating *Dreamgirls* (1981) inspired much of today's high-tech stagecraft. Like Prince, Bennett mastered the use of sets, lights and even costumes to propel the plot and debunked the wisdom that emotional high spots must be framed by lulls. *Dreamgirls* hyperkinetically recounts a black girl group's crossover into the pop mainstream at the figurative and sometimes literal cost of the soul of most of the participants. It asserts that when white youths came to accept black music as "their" music, the cause of integration gained tremendously. Yet the heroes are performers who refuse to compromise their ethnic integrity. The aria of thwarted love *And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going* and the haunted ballad *One Night Only* both end with a startling, almost cinematic intrusion of the girl group performing Las Vegas kitsch. One measure of Bennett's lasting genius is that the trick, like the show, works just as well the second time around. —By William A. Henry III



The director in 1983

BORN. To Vanessa Williams, 24, the first black Miss America (1984), who resigned her title after *Penthouse* published photos of her in the nude, and her husband Ramon Hervey, manager of her acting and singing career: their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Melanie Lynne. Weight: 8 lbs. ½ oz.

MARRIAGE REVEALED. Johnny Carson, 61, nimble-witted king of late-night television; and Alexis Maas, thirtyish, a former Los Angeles brokerage-firm employee and his companion of the past four years; he for the fourth time, she for the first; on June 20; in Malibu Beach, Calif.

INDICTED. Lyndon LaRouche, 64, presidential candidate of an extremist political group; on charges of obstructing a federal

grand jury investigating his 1984 campaign finances; in Boston. The indictment formally linked LaRouche to 13 of his followers who have been charged in a \$1 million credit-card scam with milking the accounts of some 2,000 unsuspecting supporters. LaRouche, who has denied the allegation, could face five years in prison and a \$250,000 fine.

AILING. Jean-Pierre Rampal, 65, lyrical French flutist; from severe bronchitis and the flu; in Sagone, Corsica. Rampal has canceled all his July engagements.

DIED. Karl Linnaas, 67, Estonian immigrant to the U.S. who after a bitter eight-year court battle was deported from New York City last April to face a Soviet firing squad for Nazi war crimes; of heart, liver and

kidney disease; in Leningrad. Convicted in absentia by the U.S.S.R. in 1962 for running a concentration camp in Estonia, Linnaas was stripped of his American citizenship in 1981.

DIED. F. Donald Nixon, 72, feckless entrepreneur whose business dealings embarrassed his elder brother Richard during the 1960 presidential campaign; of cancer; in Newport Beach, Calif. In 1960, Richard Nixon's campaign was jolted by reports that the candidate's brother had received a \$205,000 loan from Industrialist Howard Hughes in a futile attempt to save a chain of restaurants specializing in Nixonburger beef patties. After Richard Nixon was elected President in 1968, he ordered a wiretap on his brother to preclude further troublesome occurrences.

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Cinema



Needle work: Short gets shot by Villains Fiona Lewis and Kevin McCarthy

A Funny, Fantastic Voyage

INNERSPACE Directed by Joe Dante

Screenplay by Jeffrey Boam and Chip Proser

Hollywood is happy again. A lot of summer films are making big money; each June weekend brought a new box-office champ. *Beverly Hills Cop II*, then *Predator*, then *The Witches of Eastwick*, then *Dragnet*. Half a dozen other films are silly-season successes. And so the industry, even as it fretted about a strike threatened by the Directors Guild, entered July with high hopes for the best summer since *Ghostbusters*, *Indiana Jones* and the *Tem-*

ple of Doom and *Gremlins* made the wickets blister in 1984.

Will *Innerspace*, the new comedy-fantasy directed by Joe Dante (*Gremlins*) and "presented" by Steven Spielberg (*Indiana Jones*), join the parade of winners? Or even surpass them? It ought to. It's the summer's best "summer movie." This is a film with something—indeed, too funny much—for everybody. A sci-fi thriller in which one brave man is miniaturized to

the size of a mote and takes a fantastic voyage into another man's buttock. A buddy picture in which both buddies occupy the same body. A classic romance of two men in love with the same girl, and somehow all three kiss at once. And just when you think the movie will provide some familiar gags and gasps, it introduces yet another pretzel plot twist. By the end, you should be working so hard to keep up with *Innerspace* that you've earned the happiest of headaches.

Try following this plot, Lieut. Tuck Pendleton (Dennis Quaid), a right-stuff pilot, volunteers for a Silicon Valley experiment in which he will be placed in a space capsule, miniaturized and inserted into a rabbit's body. But rival scientists invade the lab, and tiny Tuck is injected into the body of Jack Putter (Martin Short), a wimpy Safeway clerk. Before Tuck's oxygen supply runs out—at 9 tomorrow morning—Jack must find the courage and smarts to escape from a speeding truck, undergo a frightening face-lifting, steal a vital microchip, fight off a couple of midget dastards and win the confidence of Tuck's skeptical girlfriend (Meg Ryan). If Tuck has anything to do with it, Jack will find all the resources he needs right inside him. And his arrogant little friend, who is fond of gazing in the mirror and saying, "The Tuck Pendleton machine—zero defects," may learn how to be a mensch.

It is the standard give-and-get-of movie fiction: two men of polar-opposite dispositions share their strengths and become one indomitable hero. Tuck gives Jack guts; Jack gives Tuck humanity. The

Lost in Space

A lot of the gags are pretty good. The *Millennium Falcon*, for example, has been turned into an unkempt recreational vehicle, and its wookiee copilot is now a dog-faced John Candy, who has trouble maneuvering his tail in tight places. Yoda has been transformed into Yogurt (Mel Brooks), the borscht-belt sage who has a profitable sideline in movie merchandising. And so forth.

The crew flings itself energetically through space in search of laughs, but it will never penetrate the galaxy where *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* traced

their giddy orbits. It's not that *Star Wars* is less worthy of satire than horse opera or gothic horror. It's not that Mel Brooks has lost his cunning, though he does need a freedom of speech not to be found under a PG rating. What's missing is that zany old gang of his, ranging in size from Zero Mostel to Marty Feldman, in shape from Madeline Kahn to Dom DeLuise (who does deliver the voice of Pizza the Hutt in *Spaceballs*). With their living-caricature presences, they could have proved and improved Brooks' comic points. And when comic invention failed him, they could have earned laughs just by standing there, making faces. There is simply nobody like them on this trip.

—By Richard Schickel



Yogurt Brooks

Meatless Friday

He clips his words in the same brusque spirit his barber clips his crew cut. He wears a suit he must have found at a time warp's going-out-of-business sale, smokes unfiltered cigarettes and eats chili dogs as if there were no radish. He believes in virginity, the 55-m.p.h. speed limit and that old-time religion. Welcome back, Sergeant Joe Friday.

Well, not the Joe Friday, Jack Webb's immortal stylized police professional, but rather old Joe's nephew, encased in the comical form of Dan Aykroyd. A true inheritor of the manners and morals of



Joe Aykroyd

the '50s, he is a cop whose unhappy lot is to protect and serve the Los Angeles of the 1980s. To him, that is roughly equivalent to working the night watch out of Gomorrah.

Aykroyd's Friday is a smart parody and often a sharp instrument for social satire. Tom Hanks is not so lucky: he must represent relativistic contemporary values to Friday. It is simply not a fair fight. And both of them are overwhelmed by a story that unlike the old *Dragnet* TV plots, which were neat little slices of lowlife, is a mess of municipal corruption, pornography and religious-cult nonsense. As a result, the LAPD in this picture finally looks like a wholly owned subsidiary of the Beverly Hills cops. —R.S.

old switcheroo has a nice impact, but the film's most intelligent pleasures come from the filigree work. Dante packs his movie as if it were the knapsack of a ten-year-old running away from home—with comic-book notions, weird windup toys and a quartet of villains as grotesquely giddy as the Garbage Pail Kids.

In establishing motives and motifs, Dante goes productively crazy. Is Tuck to be stuck in a rabbit? Then there will be hares everywhere: mechanical bunnies in Tuck's apartment; a project leader named Ozzie, for Oswald the Rabbit; a cameo turn by Chuck Jones, the cartoon auteur who developed Bugs Bunny. Is the plot conflict as pure as an archetypal Western shoot-out? Then one bad guy, the Cowboy (Robert Picardo), will twirl his hair dryer like a six-shooter while he sings *I'm an Old Cowhand*; and another, the thug-chasseur Igoe (Vernon Wells), will shoot a man through the gloved finger of his steel hand and then, to impress a gawking boy, blow smoke from the glove's ruptured finger. Is the movie gaily influenced by old Howard Hawks, Roger Corman and even Jerry Lewis films? Then Dante will cast veteran actors identified with those directors.

Indeed, *Innerspace* plays as if it were the hippest Martin-and-Lewis comedy.

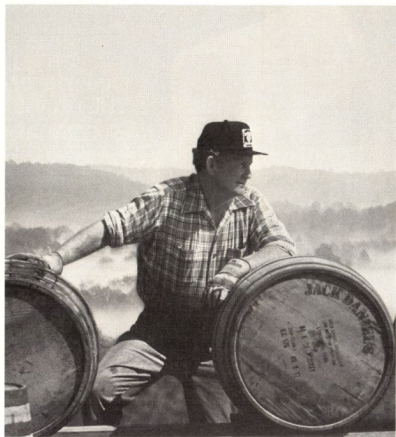


Tucked in: Quaid in capsule form

Tuck is the boozier-crooner-loverboy; Jack is the engaging, zany nerd. Both actors have nifty fun updating these roles. Quaid, flashing the satanic grin patented by Jack Nicholson, ensures that Tuck makes a convincing connection with a friend he cannot embrace until the end of the movie. And Short, late of *SCTV* and *Saturday Night Live*, is one deft darling. Jack begins as a wild paranoid but soon straightens up and loosens up, especially in a maniacal boogie he performs to Sam Cooke's *Twistin' the Night Away*. If this number doesn't win Short an Oscar, it should at least cop him second prize on *Dance Fever*. The scene is one more gift from Dante's piñata of a movie.

The *Innerspace* machine. Zero defects. Strap yourself inside it, blast off and have a great time.

—By Richard Corliss



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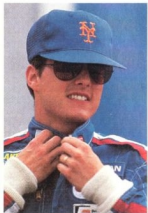
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People

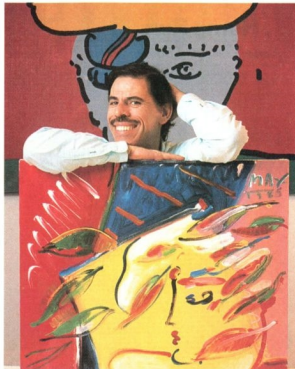
His incandescent canvases were as much a part of the psychedelic '60s as Beatles music. Then, at the peak of his popularity in 1970, Artist **Peter Max** vanished from the international art scene and devoted the next 16 years to painterly experimentation and travel. But now Max is back. At Manhattan's Jack gallery last week, the Berlin-born artist opened a show of 30 gaily colored paintings and graphics under the rubric "Peter Max Celebrates America." Cheap the artist is not: his works on various patriotic themes are selling for anywhere from \$12,000 to \$50,000. So has Max joined the Establishment? "My art was patriotic in the '60s," he insists. "I was close to both Presidents and hippies."

While filming *The Color of Money* and *Top Gun*, he proved a quick study in the pool hall and the cockpit. Now **Tom Cruise**, 24, has shifted gears again to test his learning curve on the auto racetrack. Cruise took the wheel of a Nissan 300 ZX turbo sports car last week while making his pro circuit racing debut at the Road Atlanta race course in Braselton, Ga. His wife of two months, Actress **Mimi Rogers**, cheered from the pit. So did his new pal



Fast Friends Cruise, left, and Newman at Road Atlanta Raceway

and *Money* co-star, **Paul Newman**, 62, a veteran race-car driver who later took the wheel of his own 300 ZX in another division. Cruise, who described his leg of the race as being "smooth as silk," drove for the first half of the three-hour



Why is this Max smiling? Artist and work in his New York studio

marathon before handing off to a teammate who finished 14th in a field of 42 cars. As for Newman, he came in seventh in a field of 44 contenders. Looks like the kid still has a



few things to learn from Fast Eddie.

"There's a word that brings us all together here tonight," Humorist **Art Buchwald** informed the black-tie crowd

at Washington's Departmental Auditorium last week, "and that word is fear." Perhaps, but for most of the capital's movers and shakers, the scariest thing about **Katharine Graham's** 70th-birthday bash was not the long reach of her Washington Post Co. publishing empire but the possibility of not being invited. Among the 600 or more well-wishers at the fete organized by Graham's daughter **Lally Weymouth**: Ronald and Nancy Rea-

gan, Secretary of State **George Shultz**, Senator **Edward Kennedy**, Publisher **Malcolm Forbes**, ABC Newswoman **Barbara Walters** and retiring Supreme Court Associate Justice **Lewis Powell**. "Here's looking at you, kid," said the President as he toasted the liberal Graham in *Casablanca* style. Former Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger** noted the "mark the Washington Post has left on this town, on our nation... and perhaps on some of us." As for Graham, asked how she felt about turning 70, she answered, "Ambivalent. Nobody likes to be that age."

Plenty of eleven-year-olds love airplanes, but **John Kevin Hill** is the first kid on his block to make history in one. As the flawless finale to a weeklong Los Angeles-to-Washington journey that was slowed down by thunderstorms over Ohio, Hill made a smooth landing at National airport last week and thereby became—as far as anyone knows—the youngest pilot ever to fly across the continental U.S. Climbing out of a single-engine Cessna 210, Hill, who had been accompanied throughout by his flying instructor, calmly discussed his future flight plans. "I want to fly around the world," said the pint-size pilot. "And I wanta go to the moon, bounce around and ride a lunar rover." Then Hill picked a wooden airplane off a huge celebratory cake and gleefully simulated a crash landing in the icing.

—By **Guy D. Garcia**
Reported by **David E. Thigpen**/
New York



A kid with the right stuffing: Hill atop an extra seat pillow in his Cessna

Sport

It's a Routine . . . Home Run

From Speier to Dwyer, everyone is swinging from the heels

In just two baseball games last week, chosen entirely at random, 21 home runs were hit by Don Mattingly, Mike Pagliarulo, Cecil Fielder, Willie Upshaw, Lloyd Moseby, Ron Kittle, Dave Winfield (2), Willie Horton (3), Rocky Colavito (2), Dick Allen, Roy McMillan, Dick McAuliffe, Bob Allison, Catfish Hunter, Orlando Cepeda, Boog Powell and Henry Aaron. Even though (or maybe especially because) 13 of them were in an Old Timers game, reports are proliferating that something may be up with the baseball.

Since neither game took place in the U.S.—one was in Canada, the other in a truly remote baseball region, the District of Columbia—nobody is exactly sure which of the Big Bang theories applies to the question of the day. How could 37-year-old Giant infielder Chris Speier have one grand slam in 16 years and then suddenly hit two in five days? Other curiosities: Boston's Wade Boggs, who never dispenses more than eight homers a season, has 13 already without neglecting his batting average (.380). One week from the midyear All-Star break, Jim Dwyer of the Orioles has already equaled his season high of nine; with four, the Mets' Rafael Santana has brought his career total to seven. Strong men like Jack Clark (23) of the Cardinals and Ozzie Virgil (20) of the Braves have speeded up their conveyors, but even the puniest wraiths have been hitting balls across county lines.

"Don't take a baseball to bed with you," advises Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson. "It will keep you up all night." The aging Tiger Bill Madlock, 36, hit three home runs in one game last week. "One was the hardest ball I ever hit in my life," says Madlock, a four-time National League batting champion discarded by the Dodgers this spring. "I didn't really notice it so much in the National League, though I do remember a ball [Los Angeles Righthand Batter] Steve Sax hit while falling down that banged off the rightfield wall in St. Louis." He thinks "the machine's wrapping the outer half of the ball too tightly."

Of course, the baseball manufacturers—Rawlings since 1977—have been insisting for decades that the only constant is the ball: 5 to 5½ oz., 9 to 9½ in. circumference,

108 stitches and a carefully monitored bounceability. "It's the same cows," Rawlings President Bob Burrows likes to say, although stretch marks from old pregnancies have made the company prefer steers. Before 1974 the exotic innards of a baseball—Portuguese cork coated with Malaysian rubber (the "pill" of poetry) and wrapped in 300 yds. of woolly yarn—were covered by horsehide.

Last year the major leagues yielded a record 3,813 home runs. If the ball is not the reason homers are now up 22% (2,201 compared with 1,801 in 1986), what is? The explanation both exemplified and

Rookie Home-Run Hitter McGwire: a product of weights



espoused by Oakland Phenom Mark McGwire is that hitters are cultivating more muscle. The 6-ft. 5-in., 220-lb. rookie first baseman hit five homers in two games recently and another in the third,

his 28th. "Six days a week in the off-season, I lift weights," says McGwire, "something ball-players once were told never to do. We're just getting stronger." And more polite. "I'm not the type of person who stands back and beholds them. I leave the bat and start running. Some have gone fairly far, I guess."

The unchangeability of wood is another issue. Brooks Robinson got the last hit of his career with a bat that had been mounted over his mantel for years. He took it down one day and thought he heard a single rattling around inside. But lighter bats with thinner handles have increased bat speed. "All other things being equal," explains Physicist Peter Brancaccio, "if you change from a 33-oz. bat to a 30 and swing with the same energy, the ball will go six to seven feet farther."

Atmospheric conditions are also being investigated (the Chernobyl Theory). The Power of Voodoo Theory involves Haitian hand stitchers with some sort of unspoken vendetta against pitchers. Looking back to the dead-ball era before 1920, historians see some vague correlation between the gambling scandal of 1919 and the drug scandal of two years ago. Others just think the pitching is rotten. "There are too many minor-league pitchers in the major leagues," says Joe Bauman, 65, who had 72 homers and 224 RBIs in the Longhorn League (class C) in 1954 and still never made it to the big leagues. "A lot of today's starters aren't very quick, and it seems the relievers can't bring it at all."

Not a few grizzled baseball men have been muttering, like Angels Manager Gene Mauch: "Our game is getting ridiculous." The old umpire Jocko Conlan, 84, says, "Players like Ruth, Gehrig, Williams, Musial were hitting a baseball. Now they're hitting a piece of lightning." Even American League President Bobby Brown, taking his cuts before an Old Timers game, admitted that a "few balls went a hell of a lot farther than I was entitled to hit them." After a 22-7 game some weeks ago involving three grand slams, Chicago Cub outfielder Brian Dayett was put so much in mind of a sandlot that he said, "I thought my mom would call me home when it got dark." The kids have been breaking a lot of windows this year.

—By Tom Callahan.
Reported by Lawrence Moody/Norfolk

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